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THE GERMAN ELECTION is surprising only in the sweep of the popular reaction against the Brüning Government and the parliamentary system. For more than a year the National Socialists, commonly referred to outside of Germany as Fascists, under the lead of Adolf Hitler, have been arraigning the weakness of the government and demanding policies and methods akin to those of a dictatorship, while at the other end of the scale the Communists, implacable enemies of any type of government except their own, have done their best to make parliamentary procedure a travesty. Both of these groups have gained enormously in the election. The Fascists, who could muster only a dozen votes in the last Reichstag, have rolled up more than a hundred in the new chamber, while their popular vote exceeds 6,375,000. A Communist membership of 54 has grown to one of 76, while the Communist popular vote of nearly 5,000,000 is the third largest in a total of about 36,000,000. It is the extremists who have gained and the conservatives and liberals who have received a check. The Socialists, with 143 members against a former 152, are still the largest party, and their popular vote of more than 8,500,000 exceeds by upward of 2,150,000 that of the Fascists, the next largest group. No party, however, comes anywhere near to having a majority of the 565 seats in the new Reichstag, and while the Fascists and Communists are at swords' points on practically everything, their great gain in numbers will make them more than ever powerful for disturbance.

THE REASONS for the overturn are not far to seek. The Fascist following has been recruited, not, as might be supposed, from those who would welcome a return of the monarchy, but from the great middle class whose fortunes were swept away in the period of inflation, and to whom neither the foreign nor the domestic policy of the Brüning Government or its predecessors has brought the hoped-for prosperity. The Communists, on their part, have been aided by the marked growth of political discontent and more particularly by the portentous increase in unemployment. Back of these forces, among all classes and in all parties, is unquestionably to be discovered a growing distrust of parliamentary government and traditional political methods. The reaction is not, of course, confined to Germany, but its growth has been particularly favored there by the long humiliations to which Germany has been subjected by the former Allies, the hardships of slow economic recovery, the prospect of decades of reparations payments under the Young Plan, and the striking contrast between peace professions and war preparations abroad. Chancellor Brüning's successor (it seems hardly possible that Brüning himself can go on) will have great difficulty in forming a ministry that can resist attack from the extreme Right and extreme Left, with more than one-sixth of the voters, men and women, looking with favor upon the dictatorship of a few and nearly one-eighth clamoring for a dictatorship of the proletariat.

IS SAUL ALSO among the prophets? We have repeatedly pointed out that the so-called flexible tariff is a fraud, that its theory is unsound, that it is unworkable in practice, and that if it could be administered in good faith it would mean business disturbance, not stability. And now Calvin Coolidge says:

> The report that the Tariff Commission is about to start investigations of a wide variety of commodities will not give much encouragement to business. . . . A very bad tariff would be better than constant agitation, uncertainty, foreign animosity, and change. . . . Hope for a purely scientific tariff will prove a delusion. Any prolonged investigation, covering many schedules for the purpose of rewriting the law, will do more harm than good. Many will be injured while none will be satisfied. And the country will not be benefited.

Mr. Coolidge had years of experience with a flexible provision. Where does his statement leave Mr. Hoover, who by the operation of this precious device is going to remove all the inequities and inequalities of the present measure without so much as giving business one little shiver? *Et tu,* Calvin!

IN RESPONSE TO A DIRECT REQUEST from the President, the Department of State, in order to cut down immigration, has ordered consuls to use greater strictness in granting visas to intending immigrants. In face of

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the unemployment crisis, the President asked Congress to cut quotas in half for one year, but the measure was not enacted. Failing to get this legislation, the President and the department now propose to accomplish the same end by the simple device of requiring a consul to refuse a visa to any applicant who he thinks "may probably be a public charge at any time, even during a considerable period subsequent to his arrival." From the standpoint of selfish American common sense there is probably a good deal to be said for such action in the present crisis, but it raises some real questions, aside from all fears as to the possible abuse of the vague powers placed in the hands of consuls. How far do we want to turn over the control of immigration to the executive? How far, in the absence of legislation, has the executive the right to go in narrowing yet further our already illiberal immigration policy? The Department of State announces that by its action Mexican labor immigration has already been practically stopped, and that Canadian labor immigration is being cut down.. Last year we received 150,000 quota and 60,000 non quota immigrants. Assuming that we were willing to give the State Department power to shut them all out at its pleasure, how far would their entire exclusion go in meeting a situation where millions are out of work? The Administration ought to be held to its responsibility concerning unemployment; it is not to be met by excluding a few thousand luckless immigrants.

DOES THE RIGHT to enter the United States depend on the law or on the will of the Immigration Bureau? The question is raised by the bureau's action in respect to Miss Elsa Hewitt, daughter of a former Labor member of Parliament, who sought to enter on a non-quota visa in order to teach at Manumit School, a labor institution at Pawling, New York. According to Miss Hewitt's statement, it was the discovery by inspectors at Ellis Island that she was to teach in a labor school that led them to question her right to enter, and to ask if she was "Soviet." After inquiry it was held that her visa, regularly issued by the American consul at Geneva, was not properly granted. Following protest from the American Civil Liberties Union, the Department of Labor arranged with the Department of State for the issuance of a regular quota visa (the British quota not being full), and Miss Hewitt was thereupon admitted. Notwithstanding the sensible settlement of this particular case, the question still remains whether the Immigration Bureau has the right to go behind a visa properly issued by an officer of the Department of State. If so, as is illustrated in this case, the way seems open for immigration inspectors to bar the door to persons whose ideas they think they may not like. Carol Weiss King, attorney for Miss Hewitt, declares that the Department of Labor has no authority to question a visa regularly issued by an American consul. She quotes a decision of Judge Morton in the case of Silva vs. Tillinghast holding "that in the absence of fraud the consul's determination as to the visa is final." This looks like common sense, and we believe that the Bureau of Immigration ought not to be allowed by default to acquire the authority it has assumed to exercise in this case.

CHARLES CURTIS, Vice-President of the United States, Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition enforcement, Charles H. Tuttle, United States District Attorney—these are among the men named by Major Maurice Campbell in his charges that, as Prohibition Administrator for the Eastern District, he was constantly interfered with in his attempts to enforce impartially and honestly the prohibition laws. The New York *World,* ardently wet, prints Major Campbell's revelations. Yet no one, wet or dry, can read without indignation his charges against some of our highest political officials. These charges have so far been categorically denied but not otherwise refuted. Major Campbell offers not only his own word in evidence but facsimile letters, for example letters countersigned by Mr. Lowman directing that guards set to prohibit the transfer and sale of illegal beer from breweries be withdrawn. Official interference hampered him on every side, Major Campbell declares. He was subjected to constant pressure to issue permits for the manufacture of alcohol or for an increase in the amount licensed to certain firms. If half of what he said were true, it would be a sorry picture of official chicanery, venality, hypocrisy. On the whole the American people seems to be able to read it unmoved. Public indifference and official crookedness go hand in hand.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has announced that sixty-six Indians, of every party except the all-important National Congress, will attend the Round Table Conference in London opening on October 20. Press dispatches give somewhat contradictory figures, but there are to be sixteen delegates from the native states, leaving fifty from British India, of whom twenty or more appear to be Hindus and twelve or fifteen Moslems. There are some sixteen Liberals and Moderates, most of them Hindus, representing a point of view relatively favorable to British rule, although the most prominent leader of this group, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, it will be remembered, was also a leader in the movement to boycott the Simon Commission in 1928. Plainly, even if many of the delegates are pliable, it will be a herculean task to bring about an agreement among them satisfactory to the British Government, and if agreement be arrived at, how much will it amount to with the Nationalist forces entirely refusing to take part and continuing their campaign of civil disobedience? If the threatened refusal to pay taxes is carried out on a large scale and the boycott continues, then the decisions of London will be robbed of importance. Of course, the hope of the government is to detach the body of the Indian people from support of Gandhi and the Congress program, but there is thus far no sign of success in that endeavor.

"A FORMIDABLE GARRISON on which the nation can count in whatever emergency" is the latest contribution to world peace to come out of Italy. The principal feature of the scheme, as outlined in an Associated Press dispatch, is a radical reorganization of the militia, already numbering more than 360,000, intended as "the first step in a ten-year program designed to raise the Blackshirts to a peak of emergency and fighting efficiency unparalleled in Europe." About one-third of the present officers are to be dropped, but many of them will be transferred to an officers' reserve, training schools for new officers are to be opened, and the ranks of privates will be purged of Fascists who are lukewarm. With this reorganized force, plus the

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regular army now listed at about 230,000 officers and men, Italy will be able to face eventualities with a stout heart. What the eventualities are the announcement, of course, does not state, but the burning of Italian flags and the staging of anti-Italian demonstrations in various parts of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia may offer a clue. Political manifestos emanating from Belgrade are to be taken with all due allowance of salt, but the assertion in a recent appeal to "all the civilized peoples of the world" that 20,000 Croats and Slovenes who are Italian subjects have been imprisoned and tortured and 2,172 murdered by Fascists during the past eight years, with some 3,200 schools, reading rooms, and other places plundered and burned, is too serious to be passed over without thorough investigation.

LATIN AMERICA still simmers in political disquiet, with ominous rumblings of revolution in Brazil and with President Machado of Cuba sitting uneasily upon the lid of widespread discontent with his rule. Peru and Argentina, having got rid of their former presidents, are busy with what in military language is known as consolidating their positions, although with no clear evidence as yet that the new regimes will turn out to be in fact any less dictatorial than the old ones. Washington, which always hastens to don its robes of ethical sanctity when a Central or South American upset occurs, is pondering the question of recognition, with more reason in this instance than in some others because of doubt about the stability of the new establishments. The disturbing element in its meditations is the possibility that Great Britain, which appears to have less scrupulosity in such matters, may get in ahead of it with Argentina at least and so indirectly strengthen British commercial and financial prestige. The obstacle in the path is former President Irigoyen, who is a prisoner on an Argentine cruiser somewhere with his ultimate fate yet to be determined. Meantime a group of British and American bankers have shown their confidence in the new order by joining with Argentine financiers in offering the government of General Uriburu a short-term loan of some $36,000,000 to tide it over its immediate difficulties. As bankers do not usually part with their money where there is obvious danger of losing it, the proffer of a loan may help Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson in making up their minds.

SUSPENSION OF JUDGMENT regarding the report that the Soviet Government will refuse to pay the $65,000,000 recently awarded to Lena Goldfields, Ltd., as damages for the withdrawal of that corporation's concession, seems to be the only proper course for the present. The award was made by a special arbitration tribunal appointed with the consent of all parties concerned, after cessation of work on the concession on March 7 last. Just before the sessions of the court were opened the company announced that "resumption of work had become entirely impossible." The Soviet Government, citing a clause in the concession agreement by which the concession could be terminated only by the findings of an arbitration court, thereupon withdrew its representative from the court and declined to be represented. Highly conflicting testimony was submitted regarding the conduct and treatment of the corporation, and the reasons for the cancelation of its concession. Of the $65,000,000 awarded to the company, $17,000,000, it was stated, represented the actual investment in the undertaking, and the remainder, nearly three-fourths of the whole, the profits which the company expected to make or which the Soviet Government might expect under competent management. On the face of the matter it looks as if Russia had been technically within its legal rights in refusing to be represented in the court. It might have been wiser, however, to waive those rights for the sake of maintaining its credit on a sound basis.

TWO NEGROES HANGED in Mississippi on September 10 make the total of lynchings for the year eighteen so far as against twelve for 1929. This increase makes agitation for a federal anti-lynching law the more effective, and arrangements have already been made for the drafting of such a bill and for its introduction in the coming session of Congress. In 1922 a federal anti-lynching law passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 230 to 119, only to be defeated by a filibuster in the Senate. But after such a close squeak, the annual number of lynchings decreased for a time; and public sentiment, expressed through the more responsible of the newspapers and through the utterances of public men, has been setting itself definitely against this national shame. It is not unlikely that a federal law would receive an even kindlier reception now than it did eight years ago. Gradually it has come to be true that the lynching mob is made up of the more irresponsible elements of the community and at least in public its acts are disavowed by respectable persons. Moreover the Negro is becoming an economic power in the community; not only his labor but his property has value. This last, of course, will weigh the scales in favor of the federal law, if it is passed. Not his champions among the white race but his own efforts toward making himself a factor to be respected in the community will be the means of protecting the Negro from lawlessness.

OUR BRITISH COUSINS are certainly slow. With skyscrapers reported shooting up in Athens and Madrid and Antwerp, London is putting into operation next month a building act which actually cuts down by ten feet the maximum height of new buildings, which has stood at ninety feet since 1890. Of course, the reason the Londoners give for their objection to skyscrapers sounds plausible. Apart from health objections, they maintain that the London streets could not possibly handle the traffic occasioned by the pouring-out of workers from such buildings as we put up, and therefore they will not have such buildings. What can you do with people like that? Of course, there is no earthly reason for putting up such buildings except the fun of putting them up and the profits of land speculators; of course, they pile up so many people in one place where there is no rational reason for them to be that we then have to expend unlimited gray matter and countless millions of dollars devising means of getting them somewhere else—but what of that? Isn't the Chrysler higher than the Woolworth, and won't the Empire State be higher than the Chrysler? What more can a reasonable man ask? And London is contented with a beggarly eighty feet! Even that is not all. An enterprising American steel man, noting the all too limited progress of the skyscraper abroad, laments that European builders are still "quite generally obsessed with traditions and the historical complex." What a horrid incubus!

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In an Off Year

THE Maine election and the numerous primaries held during the past week have served only to strengthen the impression created by the earlier events of the year's campaign—an impression, on the whole, of political futility and unreality. The primaries have turned mostly on personal or local issues, and there has been as yet no emergence of any of the great national questions on which real politics turn. The Maine election gives no evidence of deep-seated and effective resentment of present conditions. Detroit has just held a mayoralty election in the midst of almost unexampled unemployment; the Communists polled about 1 per cent of the votes—probably not a bad index of American inclination to revolutionary action even in face of conditions like those confronting the unemployed worker today. Little public education on important issues has as yet occurred. We have simply been engaged in selecting a new set of office-holders to take the place of the old ones.

There are thirty-five Senate seats to be filled this year, and eleven of the present incumbents are already definitely eliminated. Six Republicans—Gould of Maine, Gillett of Massachusetts, Baird of New Jersey, Goff of West Virginia, Phipps of Colorado, and Sullivan of Wyoming—declined to run for reelection, in some cases for prudential reasons. Whoever their successors, the average of Senatorial ability will scarcely be lowered. Five Senators (six including Senator Heflin) have been defeated in the party primaries. Among these, it would be pleasant if one could attribute Senator Grundy's defeat to resentment of his tariff activities, but unfortunately it is due to Pennsylvania party politics, and his successful rival, Secretary James J. Davis, is a man scarcely calculated to stir wild enthusiasm in thoughtful minds. In Illinois, Senator Deneen thoroughly deserved the good drubbing he got at the hands of Mrs. McCormick, but the events of the campaign have not placed that lady in too enviable a light, and with a dry woman candidate in the field against her, the chances of J. Hamilton Lewis for success in November are greatly improved. On the Democratic side, the elimination of Senator Simmons removes a wheel-horse of the old type, while the defeat of Senator Ransdell in the recent Louisiana primary takes away comparatively little except some of the representation of cane sugar. We rejoice in the defeat of Senator Blease, apostle of lynching. He is succeeded by a man of character and standing in the person of former Representative James F. Byrnes.

Progressives will derive solid satisfaction from the renomination of Senator Norris in face of the combined forces of reaction and plunder. In lesser degree they will rejoice in Senator Couzens's victory over the forces of party regularity in Michigan. Two Democratic nominations also are specially cheering. Cordell Hull will bring to the Senate from Tennessee a knowledge and a conviction regarding the tariff possessed by few public men today. The nomination of Edward P. Costigan in the Democratic primary in Colorado is one of the most pleasing results of the campaign thus far. He is a tried and outstanding fighter in progressive causes, and if he is elected Colorado will again have a Senator that counts. Nor should we overlook the action of the Ohio Democrats in nominating Robert J. Bulkley. Outside the national field, Gifford Pinchot's victory in Pennsylvania will not be forgotten, while the election of Frank Murphy, the progressive and modern-minded judge of the Recorder's Court in Detroit, as mayor of that city, is highly welcome.

As the campaign passes from the stage of the primaries to the election contests, perhaps it is not too much to hope for at least a slightly increased emphasis on larger issues. Three such issues, fundamentally important, lie ready to the hand of him who will use them. The unemployment situation cries aloud for the statesmanship that would make a real beginning at an organization of industry to produce what we want to consume and to put what we produce into the hands of those who want to consume it. The tariff abomination of 1930 flouts every demand of an intelligence large enough to understand the basic economic and political conditions on which friendly and cooperative international relations, and consequently world peace, actually rest. The domination of both our economic and our political life by the great power interests, and notably their control over the ruling party in national affairs, raises the whole question of the actual competence of democratic government to govern in the general interest. It is issues like these, among others, on which political campaigns ought to afford popular education.

Meanwhile, despite the frantic attempts of Senator Fess to keep prohibition out of the campaign by asserting that it is not an issue, and despite the complete confusion of party lines on that question, there can be no doubt that the problem does assume increasing importance in the public mind, however remote the prospect of its prompt settlement. It is not necessary to take too seriously Mr. Curran's claim that there will be twenty-nine new votes in the next Congress for outright repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, nor would it have any great immediate importance if the claim should in fact prove to be well founded. The substantial fact is that in view of the admitted unsatisfactoriness of the present situation, opponents of prohibition are at last beginning to come forward with specific alternative proposals. The present campaign shows an increased outspokenness and definiteness on the part of those who seek a change in the existing constitutional and legal position, and a lessened aggressiveness and confidence in those who seek simply the enforcement of the present law without derogation or modification. Dwight Morrow's outspoken stand for State option, followed by his surprising success in the primary of wet New Jersey, without doubt gave great encouragement to the forces of repeal and "modification," and they have scored a number of successes in the primaries. Senator Wheeler of Montana has come out against prohibition; likewise Governor Roosevelt, who has now taken a public stand in favor of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the sale of liquor by State agencies in those States which do not desire prohibition. Governor Roosevelt is a politician, and he has his eye fixed on the Presidential nomination. If the Republicans should find themselves driven to maintain officially the dry position which President Hoover has held, it is conceivable that prohibition might become a party issue despite everything.

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European Union Waits

THE first impression of the debate at Geneva on the Briand plan of European union is that the whole matter has been left well up in the air. The one tangible outcome of the discussion appears to be the success of Great Britain in insisting that the question should not be taken in hand by the unofficial body of delegates to whom M. Briand submitted his report, but should be referred to the League. Until the League had spoken, there was nothing in the project regarding which the British Government, at least, could take a definite position. In thus lifting the proposal out of the hands of M. Briand and placing it in the hands of the League, Great Britain did nothing more than win the assembled delegates to the support of the criticism which it made in its reply to the Briand questionnaire of May 17, namely, that a good many of the things which the proposed union was expected to do were already being done by the League or were within the scope of its powers, and that the proper course, accordingly, was to place the subject on the agenda of the League meeting in September. The unanimity with which the British view was accepted, while it did not imply any general opposition to the union idea, clearly demonstrated an entire lack of support for a European union that should in any way parallel the League.

For the time being, then, the question rests with the League. The exchange of amenities which took place in the League session, on the other hand, did a good deal to clarify a situation which was becoming hopelessly befogged. In an impressive rejoinder to the speech in which M. Briand argued once more the merits of his cherished plan, Mr. Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Secretary, declared that while Great Britain had "always believed that true security can only be obtained by cooperative action through the machinery of the League, we are equally certain that this purpose can far more effectively be sought through measures designed to prevent the outbreak of war rather than through measures designed to suppress war when it has begun." In these words Mr. Henderson made clear the fundamental opposition between the French and British positions—an opposition which the Italian government, in its reply to the Briand questionnaire, had also emphasized at considerable length. The whole policy of France, in its dealings with the European political situation, rests upon the contention that security must come first and after that disarmament. It is the British and Italian contention, in theory at least, that the prime condition of security is disarmament, and that to prepare for war as a means of insuring peace is to put the cart before the horse.

It was worth something to have the nature of the peace pretensions of France exposed and the role of armies, navies, air forces, and offensive and defensive alliances clearly demonstrated. Whatever the altruistic temper of M. Briand, there is only too much reason to think that the French government and a very large body of French opinion have no real confidence in any security that does not rest upon armaments. By emphasizing sharply the opposing British view, Mr. Henderson turned the discussion away from political or economic union and centered it upon disarmament. For years the League and its Preparatory Commission (the latter a body which reminds one of Franklin's comment on the figure of St. George on the inn sign—"always riding but never getting on") have debated disarmament up and down, in and out, around and about. Mr. Henderson let it be known that Great Britain is not interested in bolstering the French security policy with any union scheme, and that until the League buckles down and does something about disarmament the British will pursue their own course.

Whether the League, constituted and controlled as it is, can actually accomplish anything, or whether the effort to give life to the Briand plan may lead to some modification of the League structure, of course remains to be seen. At the moment, it must be admitted, the outlook for positive action is not encouraging. The age-long rivalry between Great Britain and France has again raised its head in the past few days at Geneva. The rivalry between France and Italy goes on apace, with Italian ambitions in Eastern Europe added to the dispute about naval parity, and racial antagonisms and political resentments are shooting up dangerous flames in Jugoslavia and Czecho-Slovakia. No practical results have followed from the "tariff truce" of last March, and William Graham, president of the British Board of Trade, has warned the League that Great Britain may withdraw from the agreement not to raise tariffs if nothing is done by next February. It will require courage and statesmanship beyond any that the League has yet shown to attack the problem of peace at its foundation. Meantime, with the possibility that peace itself may suffer another eclipse, the Briand plan apparently must wait until the League decides what may best be done with it.

The Sport of Kings

THE series of races for the America's Cup which have been going on off Newport this week between the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, represented by Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V, and the New York Yacht Club, defending with the cutter Enterprise, will decide the fate, for the next few years at least, of this time-honored trophy. Through a long list of contests lasting over a period of seventy-nine years the cup has become emblematic of supremacy in speed under sail, and as a result the more recent matches sailed for its possession have taken their place as the world's greatest events in the realm of sport. This is so despite the fact that as we measure speed today the time made in a contest between sailing yachts is slow by almost any comparison. Thirteen nautical miles per hour is about the limit of the two yachts in this year's match; eight or more will be a more likely average over the thirty-mile course in moderate winds.

What is it then that causes this race to make the appeal it does to the imagination of the public, who know nothing of the technique of the sport? There are probably many reasons, but chief among them is, perhaps, the lingering call of the sea that has persisted from the time when we were a seafaring nation, strung out along the Atlantic Coast, and all our intercourse and commerce were necessarily by sea. Ships still make a strong appeal to us. We still thrill to incidents of skilful ship-handling and seamanship. Speed in almost

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every other form than sail has been achieved by mechanical means. How can its measure be compared with speed obtained by skill in using natural forces, in getting the utmost out of a vessel through the medium of wind alone? In a race for the America's Cup we are pitting not only the skill and seamanship of our sailors against those of our competitors, but the skill of our naval architects and shipbuilders as well.

In the race this year we are meeting the British boat on fairer terms than in any other match for the cup. There has been a feeling in the past that the cards were frequently stacked against an opponent. This year we constructed our boats to the same strength as the challenger (both are to Lloyd's scantling requirements), both are built to the same rule, and are being raced "boat for boat," without time allowance. The course selected, off Newport, while it may prove more strenuous, is much fairer than the Sandy Hook course, and there should be less interference from traffic. All of which will make for a more interesting race. No longer can there be talk of America's Cup yachts degenerating into flimsy racing machines. Yet, as a matter of fact, the American defender Enterprise can be truthfully described as a "mechanical yacht," inasmuch as her sails and gear are handled by mechanical means to a greater extent than in any other racing yacht. All of her halliards, much of her standing rigging, and all but the lightest of her sails are handled by winches and mechanical gear. It is said that there are no less than twenty-seven winches on the defender, and about half of her crew of twenty-six men will be at work below decks throughout the race handling these contrivances. On Shamrock V the old practice of "beef and brawn" still obtains, and she has but two or three winches on the entire ship. Even her main sheet is still tended by hand.

Both boats are fast and very much of a size. In length and sail area they are almost identical. In beam Shamrock V is some two feet narrower, and the lines of the two are quite dissimilar. Both are supposed to be at their best in light to moderate winds. If it comes on to breeze, each will have to take it as best she can.

In the race this year we shall see for the first time in a match for the cup an amateur skipper pitted against a professional. It would have been preferable, from a purely sporting standpoint, if Shamrock V had been sailed by an amateur, as were both the contenders in the 1920 contest. But Harold Vanderbilt, skipper of Enterprise, has had wide experience in sailing large yachts. He and his afterguard need have no fear of his professional adversary. In this country the best of our amateur sailors outclass any existing professional in the fine points of yacht racing. A strong feeling is prevalent, shared by many members of the New York Yacht Club, that it would be a good thing if Shamrock V took the cup. This is not due alone to the popularity of Sir Thomas Lipton with the public, who admire his persistence in challenging five times and in taking his successive defeats like a true sportsman, but to a belief that after we have held the cup here for seventy-nine years it would be best for the sport if it went abroad for a while. As we go to press, Shamrock V has lost the first two races by a disheartening margin for those who would like to see her owner's perseverance rewarded. For if the cup is to go, the great mass of Americans would rather see it taken by Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V than by any other yacht.

Souvenirs

EVERY year something like half a billion dollars is spent by American tourists in Europe, a large part of it in France. Every June they leave the United States in hordes, carrying a letter of credit for from a few hundred to many thousand dollars. They spend three months or so dutifully "doing" everything from Notre Dame to Montmartre, with glimpses of Rome and London by the way. They eat, sleep, drink, run about; they gasp with delight or yawn with ennui. They see all the sights there are to see, those in Baedeker and those described by a confiding friend who saw them the summer before. By the first of September the return flight is well under way. The letter of credit is gone. And aside from mere board and lodging, what have they got to show for their money?

There are, of course, the conventional trinkets. There is the Paris frock or the London overcoat, if they are happily in funds; there are much less costly items of apparel for most of them. There is an imposing pile of guide-books and maps. There is the inevitable small bottle of cognac smuggled in the toe of a slipper. There is the copy of "Kiki's Memoirs," there are innumerable views of innumerable places, photographs enlarged for framing—although it subsequently develops that framing costs too much money—Kodak pictures, small useless articles of decoration, and a silk scarf from Liberty's. But this is by no means five hundred million dollars' worth. There must be something else in return for that half billion of good American money not spent in America.

In the main these tourists are persons making their first and last trip to Europe. They are school-teachers, retired business men and their wives, widows taking a vacation after years of raising a family, students fresh from college. They are willing to see anything, to believe anything, to go anywhere. They come from Main Street to walk across Westminster Bridge; they leave the classroom or the Rotary Club lunch or the bridge table, and crane their necks dutifully to the highest ruby-colored window of Notre Dame. They never forget that they are Americans, used to American ways and American comforts, and spending American money. When they get home they will declare that there is no place like the little old U. S. A., where there is a bathtub to every family and a separate coal cellar to boot. But surely somehow, somewhere, a bit of that ruby glass will stick to them. They will go to Europe and boast of America; but in America they boast as freely of having been in Europe.

This, of course, is not acquiring European culture. But it is breaking through the mold, even if only a little, of conventional Main Street thought. If the American tourists in the main say, "Hame's best," why should they not? For them it is best. But there will be plenty of them who will declare that "Europe is a wonderful place to visit." They have seen farther than their geographies. They have rubbed elbows with another nation, they have crossed the wide Atlantic, they have felt and tasted and smelt the ways of a neighbor people. Main Street will never look quite the same again. And for this perhaps half a billion dollars is not too high a price.

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Crime and the Courts in Chicago

By LAWRENCE HOWE

FOR each robbery committed in London, New York commits 36 and Chicago 100. In one year in Chicago there were twelve times as many robberies as in all England and Wales. In 1923 Chicago statistics showed twelve times as many robberies as the whole of Canada, and the number has steadily increased since then. Its homicidal rate was twice that of Italy, four times that of Australia, eight times that of Ireland, and nine times that of England and Wales.

Why should this one city, the second largest in the United States, be so ignominiously distinguished? Why should Chicago be the happy hunting ground of gunmen and racketeers, who ply their trades apparently without fear of the authorities and almost with impunity? As a detective sergeant who has spent twenty-one years in this crime-ridden city, I can offer answers to these questions that may not be conclusive, but that will stand for want of better.

Chicago is the greatest railroad center in the country and therefore affords unrivaled opportunities for a quick get-away to the evil-doer. The police force is entirely inadequate to cover the vast network of railway lines, of entrances and exits to the city. There is also the fact that Chicago is more generously endowed with adjacent penitentiaries than any other town in the United States. There are two within easy distance of New York City; Chicago has no less than seven. Now a convict upon being liberated from prison is given a small sum of money, so that he may not be immediately thrown upon his own resources. The amount varies. Some penitentiaries provide but $20, others pay as much as $75. Crooks invariably prefer large cities where they can lose themselves. In the smaller towns the presence of a stranger is soon noticed and frequently regarded with suspicion. The small sum of money granted the convict on his release is the equivalent in many cases of the railway fare from the prison to Chicago. Or a crook seeking escape can avail himself at any time of one of the fast trains which leave Chicago at intervals of about one minute for the entire twenty-four hours. It is also possible to take an electric car to Indiana or Wisconsin, or one of the many boats plying up and down Lake Michigan.

Chicago is also the Mecca of the foreign criminal. At first sight it would seem that the underworld fraternity would most likely be found in such sea ports as New York or Boston, the ports of arrival, but this is not the case. The professional criminal knows that in the event of any information as to his past record being forwarded to the United States it will reach one of the seaport towns. Obviously, therefore, the further inland he can get the better are his chances for remaining unidentified. The biggest inland city is the goal of his aspirations. There he can escape identification, unless taken in the act of committing a crime.

For years the habitual crook has been aware that Chicago insures him protection from the law. There are two kinds of protection which he seeks. In one he pays cash to an officer or political boss to shut his eyes—or keep the eyes of others shut—to his criminal occupations; in the other case the criminal procures immunity from imprisonment by his good behavior in the particular city affording him shelter. He is then at liberty to pursue his unlawful activities elsewhere, while earning exemption from detention by the authorities of the haven-town which he respects. There are several cities and smaller towns throughout the States where the crook is permitted to live without fear of molestation, provided that he does not operate in that particular locality. Chicago is not specifically one of these, but it extends the more greatly coveted protection of graft tribute. Usually the crook lives in the town affording him the lesser degree of protection, making occasional trips to other communities for the purpose of replenishing his diminishing funds. Once he has pulled the job, he hastens away from the vicinity of the crime to seek shelter in his chosen city of refuge, where the local authorities can be relied upon to protect him.

The towns which offer no protection through graft, bribery, or political influence are naturally avoided by the underworld. Owing to political pull, to corrupt politicians, to the selection of officials and executives irrespective of the characters of the men chosen, no large town can justly claim to be free from some forms of graft and venality, but nowhere is graft more flagrantly recognized and reckoned upon than in Chicago.

As an example of political corruption, I might mention a conversation held some time ago during a political campaign in that city. One of the candidates for mayor asked the writer whether it would be possible to rid Chicago of professional crooks. I replied, "There is a way but you could not put it into execution." "But if elected mayor, I could," protested my questioner. I explained the simplicity of the plan so hard of execution. I assured him that if I were permitted to pick twenty-five detectives, trustworthy and competent officers who knew the underworld, and had charge of their activities, I would undertake to rid Chicago of all professional crooks in sixty days, provided the mayor would carry out his part of the program. His part would be to see that when we made an arrest and presented sufficient reliable, conclusive evidence to prove the man guilty, there would be no fixing of the case. A conviction must follow. The judges, State's attorneys, court clerks, and politicians must not be allowed to be bought by the accused in an effort to thwart justice. They must be invulnerable to all approaches, whether of bribery, politics, or friendship. The candidate for the mayoralty recognized the futility of attempting such a drastic reform.

Much of the miscarriage of justice takes place in the courtroom. The defending attorneys for the accused often play a very significant role. Through clever scheming the attorney employed by the crook finds a way to have the case set for trial before the witnesses can be reached. Thus it happens that prosecuting attorneys often drop cases, or make so feeble an effort to prosecute that the prisoner is not adjudged guilty. Again, certain judges, friendly to the prisoner's representatives, rule out certain testimony, allow witnesses to be badgered and terrorized, and sometimes even go

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as far as to instruct juries improperly. At other times they consent to continuance after continuance of the case, which compels the witnesses, including the prosecuting witness, to travel backwards and forwards at great loss of time and money. Eventually the prosecuting witness wearies of the law's delays and fails to appear. Then the defendant's attorney demands that his client be dismissed for want of a prosecutor. One of the methods most frequently employed to cheat justice is put into effect after the case has been called in court, when the attorney has obtained a continuance. The hearing is set for a given date. The court clerk finds it expedient, of course through "an error," to enter the date two or three days ahead of the day set for trial. Upon that prior date the defendant and his lawyer are on hand. The name of the prosecuting witness is called, but there is no response, whereupon the defendant is discharged. On the correct day set for the hearing the various witnesses against the prisoner appear in court, only to be told that the case was called two days previously.

To catch a criminal and to obtain his conviction are two very different things. No one knows this better than the crook himself. He is amply supplied with funds for the necessary purchase of his liberty. Were justice to be impartially administered without the intervention of court clerks, politicians, and corrupt judges it would not be a difficult matter to rid Chicago of its professional criminals. But as long as crooks know that money will win them exemption why should they go elsewhere? The criminal as well as the statistician knows that in one year out of 280 murder cases less than half that number were brought to trial, and only eight convicted.

Finally one of the major causes for Chicago's evil reputation is the ill-advised policy of constantly changing chiefs of police, so frequently indeed that no one man has time accorded him to carry out reforms before he is replaced by another official. The average length of service for our chief of police is less than two years, a term just long enough for him to get fairly well acquainted with the personnel of his department. In the past seventy-five years, or from 1855 to 1930, Chicago has been served by forty-three chiefs of police, making an average of approximately nineteen months each. Since there have been several acting chiefs filling this office at various times, the average is actually lower. Contrast this with London, which has elected but six in the past one hundred years. In England, France, and Germany not only is the fact appreciated that a chief of police should know his business, but what is still more important those countries give their leading officials an opportunity to make good. In Canada the chief of police holds his office for life, unless he proves to be incompetent, but as far more care is exercised in these countries in the selection of police heads a chief has seldom been called upon to resign. Politicians have no power to oust him.

Edward A. Olsen, a United States district attorney, made the statement: "Figures prove that Al Capone, the Chicago gangster, now in Holmsburg prison, handled through vice, brewing, gambling, and distilling interests a gross income of $70,000,000. Capone admits that he paid $30,000,000 for protection. Some seventy bootleggers, rum runners, and others have been taken for a ride in Chicago during the last five years, and approximately three hundred lesser underworld lights, yet but four defendants—those charged with murder—were brought to trial and not one of the four received a sentence."

The denial of justice in the courts of Chicago is the most momentous factor in upholding the reign of lawlessness which rules that metropolis today. On account of its geographical location, Chicago more than any other city requires a rigid enforcement of the law, incorruptible executives, and the impartial administration of justice.

The Doctor in Soviet Russia

By RALPH A. REYNOLDS

TO appreciate the position of the doctor under socialized medicine in Soviet Russia today, one must know something of the medical situation in Russia under the old regime. As in many other spheres of Russian life, there were in medicine the most diverse extremes of backwardness and enlightenment. In general, the standards of medical education were high and certain experimental laboratories and institutions stood at the very forefront of the scientific world. One need hardly mention such names as Pavlov, Speransky, and Orbelli, and, representing an earlier period, Pirogov and Metchnikov, to remind us of Czarist Russia's high achievements in medicine. In the cities, the clinics and hospitals varied in their efficiency and distribution. Good hospitals could be found in all of the larger and many of the smaller cities, but there was no organized effort on the part of the government, either local or central, to insure medical attention to the mass of the people. Except for one or two experimental child-welfare centers, prophylactic and educational health work was unknown. In the country districts, generally speaking, medicine was administered by men who had failed to make a living for themselves in the city and therefore had been forced to accept the poorly paid country posts. In all but exceptional cases the medical care of the peasants was notoriously bad. Limited as the amount of good medical service was, the number of doctors, good or poor, was even more limited. In many districts the proportion of physicians to inhabitants was one to 40,000. It was not uncommon for a man with a broken leg to have to drive two days to reach any one who could set it. In all Russia in 1913 there were only 12,677 doctors or one to every 12,000 persons. Of these 8,900 or 71 per cent lived in cities, leaving an average ratio of one doctor to 20,300 peasants. At that time the peasants comprised about 80 per cent of the population. These figures are from the report of the People's Commissariat for the protection of health to the Twelfth All-Russian Congress in 1925. So great was the need for medical personnel that a type of semi-qualified practitioner, to be met with in no other part of Europe, came into existence in Russia. This was the feldsher. He was given a modified medical course of about two

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years (at that time the regular course was six years), he was prepared to do emergency aid work, to perform minor operations, and to prescribe for the more common diseases. Many of the medical outposts were staffed entirely by these feldshers, and in the cities they assisted the doctors in the operating room much as trained nurses do in America.

With these conditions, fair in the cities but utterly inadequate throughout the vast peasant districts, it is not surprising that there was a very high death-rate in Russia. In 1913, the last year when the old regime was in full force, the death-rate for all ages throughout Russia was 27.3 persons per thousand. The infant death-rate during that period was admitted to be very high, the highest of that of any civilized country—27 per hundred in 1911 as against Norway's 6.5. So long, however, as the birth-rate was high enough to assure the normal growth of the population, little attention was paid to the death-rate. One responsibility the government did assume—that of prevention of widespread epidemics. Vaccination against smallpox was provided freely and research expeditions were sent into regions infested with the black plague and malaria. Even this work, however, was directed by no central health organization, the prevention of epidemics having been undertaken by a small division of the Department of the Interior. The army and the fleet had their own separate medical units; certain insurance companies were sending doctors to their clients; some cities had their public institutions, but in general the people's health was in the hands of private practitioners and of benevolent individuals.

The status of the doctor under this regime was much the same as is our status in the United States at the present time. Many were well trained, many carried on large private practices, many engaged wholly in research work, and more than 70 per cent were located in the cities. On the whole, they were prosperous and happy, being members of the educated and privileged classes. Then came the Revolution of 1917, ushering in the Communist Government. One of the principles of this government is complete control of medical service by the state. Disease is considered not a person's private affair to be indulged as he sees fit. Disease is regarded as harmful not only to the person suffering from it but to the state of which he is an economic and social unit. The shifting of emphasis, therefore, has been definitely from curative to preventive medicine. The complete new program of public health was formulated in 1918, when the Commissariat for Health was organized. This foundation had as its main concepts certain fundamental principles: The unification of medicine; the accessibility of medical aid to all citizens; free medical treatment for citizens; medical treatment by a qualified personnel; the placing of emphasis on prophylactic work.

First the work of unification was accomplished. All the medical resources of the nation were organized into one centralized system. The doctors, feldshers, nurses, and pharmacists became civil servants, and all hospitals, sanitaria, and drug stores became state institutions. A standardization of hours of duty and of salaries based on professional responsibility and local economic conditions was worked out, the doctors' salaries now ranging from $60 to $120 monthly, programs of child-welfare work and campaigns against tuberculosis and venereal disease were prepared on a nation-wide scale; central institutions for research and teaching in various branches of medical science were established to which provincial doctors could come for post-graduate study. The wholesale preparation of drugs and the purchase of those produced abroad was undertaken as a state business, the cost incident to private production and advertisement being thereby eliminated. This move to unify the medical field did not in itself abolish private medical practice but it dealt it a death blow by supplying such adequate health service free that little or no place was left for private practice. The doctor was reduced to the capacity, economically, of a poorly paid employee of the state, and patients, instead of consulting their favorite doctor, were expected to go to the clinic or institute created for their particular group.

Now how did the government set about to make medical aid accessible to all citizens? The first need was that of increasing the total number of well-trained medical men. This result was partly accomplished by the government supporting practically all medical students through their entire course of training, the support extending even to spending-money. Moreover, public opinion under the Communist regime places great value on social service and on scientific knowledge applicable to human needs. This attitude naturally encourages young people to take up a medical career. Of financial remuneration there is of course very little, and the most eminent scientists live in cramped and depressing quarters. Still their lot is, in a material way, no worse than that of their neighbors, and their work is such that they are looked upon with respect. All these factors may have encouraged students to enter the medical field. At any rate, the year 1928 found the total number of doctors increased to 44,800—nearly four times as many as in 1913. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that whereas before the revolution only 28 per cent of all medical students were women, at the present time the women comprise more than half of the students in the graduating classes.

While increasing thus rapidly the total number of doctors in Russia, the government set about at the same time to arrange a more adequate distribution. As fast as medical students graduated they were sent out into the rural districts, each to give three years' service wherever he was sent. This compulsory three-year period among the peasants is considered just payment for the training and support the student has received at the hands of the government. If during the three-year period the young doctor makes some outstanding contribution to the science of medicine, he may then choose his own location and type of work immediately. This process of equalizing the opportunities for medical aid throughout Russia has already made marked progress, though the need in the rural districts is still great. There is now one doctor to every 14,000 peasants, as against one to every 20,000 in 1913. By carrying on the same plan the government expects, by the end of 1932, to increase the number of doctors in the peasant districts by 40 per cent.

How does the system really work? In what way does the patient actually come in contact with the physician? Let us consider, for instance, the Railway Workers Clinic in Moscow. It is designed to serve the clinic needs of 100,000 railway workers and their families—in all about one-half million men, women, and children. These workers are employed by four different railway systems which have station terminals and other facilities in Moscow. The companies which are now operated by the state protect the worker and

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his family by a system of social insurance. This entitles the workers to many privileges, such as old-age pensions, partial support of the unemployed, extension of free medical aid to all ill or crippled workers, vacation of workers on full pay, treatment in sanitaria, time off from work with full pay to care for a sick member of a worker's family, and many other privileges. Such an all-embracing social responsibility is naturally expensive, and anywhere from 15 to 20 per cent of the wage bill of any business enterprise, whether under state or private ownership, must be set aside from the proceeds of the business to cover this tax. However, it takes the place of most of the public and private funds in other countries, since it aims to care for all sick and aged workers and those dependent upon them. Offices of the organization are set up in every community where there are 2,000 or more persons eligible for insurance. The Central Headquarters in Moscow outlines the general principles and coordinates the social insurance work in all parts of the country, settles disputes, and carries on an educational campaign regarding the benefits to be obtained by the state insurance.

The railway clinic, which may be taken as a typical one, subsidized by the social insurance fund, employs 143 full-time physicians and 40 more who attend to necessary calls in patients' homes out of clinic hours. The average number of patients treated daily in this clinic is about 3,500. Each doctor must see a certain number daily—for instance, each interne must see 35 patients daily, each pediatrician 28, each neurologist 30, each ophthalmologist 40, each dentist 18, each surgeon 45, each ear, nose, and throat specialist 40. In addition to the doctors on the staff and other employees, there are 18 dental chairs occupied constantly, and the department of dentistry makes and distributes 30,000 artificial teeth annually. There are also departments for making artificial limbs, body braces, spectacles, crutches, and other similar apparatus, and for issuing free medicines, bandage, and supplies.

The doctors are paid a salary by the company out of the Social Insurance Fund which, of course, is a fund of the state. They devote their full time to the work, spending about six full hours daily actually at work in the clinic. The rest of his time the doctor has free to spend as he chooses. If he wishes to do research work at home, the state gives him an additional room and the necessary supplies. Large clinics, such as the railway workers' clinic, publish medical journals of their own, and every month various phases of the work are described. It is interesting to note, under the Soviet system, that the workers do not pay anything toward this Social Insurance Fund, the expense being borne by the factory or industry concerned—in the last analysis, by the state. When, however, a question arises as to the right of a worker to any kind of compensation, the doctor sits in conference with a committee of workmen rather than with officials. It is said that the workers' committees are inclined to discipline their fellows-workers more severely than the officials of the companies would do. If a worker is definitely caught malingering, his punishment is expulsion from the labor union and loss of his rights of social insurance.

As far as I could recall, the quality of medical work performed was good. I realize that what I saw was perhaps the best. However, as I went through the clinics, both the large city institutions like the ones described and the general country clinics in the peasant villages, it seemed to me that the work which was being done was about the same as that in our university and other free clinics. Moreover, it was, I think in most cases, better organized. I feel certain that the surgery I saw in Russia was better than that which I saw in some of the other European countries. The surgical and medical equipment was distinctly superior to that used in most of Vienna's hospitals.

The physicians in charge of the important institutes in Russia were, for the most part, leaders under the old regime. These older men, like Pavlov, Orbelli, Speransky, and Burdenka, have been responsible also for most of the research work produced under the Communist Government. However, during the past two or three years the younger men have begun to contribute to the medical literature. According to the bitterest critics of the present system some really good experimental and clinical work is now being contributed by the younger men, trained under the new regime. The type of training they have received is not unlike that received in our own medical schools. The medical student completes a five-year course and from one to three years in a hospital. If he specializes as most of them are now doing, he is required to do four months' post-graduate work in his specialty every two years. These post-graduate courses are well organized and are very popular. In addition to the scholastic type of post-graduate work, a great deal of practical group study and investigation is going on constantly in the larger institutions. As an example, the Venerealogical Institute in Moscow, in addition to the 150 physicians regularly employed full time, has 50 physicians from the provinces there, constantly studying modern methods of treatment and conducting research. As to the result of investigation and study, we all know that a tremendous amount of material is being published. Much of it, of course, is worthless, as is the case in any country. Since, however, the system of socialized medicine brings an enormously increased number of patients under observation, and since autopsies are compulsory, it is clear that Russia's scientists have a tremendous fund of organized information from which to draw conclusions.

A widespread and thorough public-health program is one of the planks of the Communist platform. The organization of this department has been chiefly in the hands of Professor Semashko. Each republic in the Soviet Union has its own commissariat of health but they are all under the central Commissariat of Health in Moscow, of which Professor Semashko is the head. He undertook the work of organization at a time when prevention in medicine was the slogan. It expressed a new point of view in Russia and it fitted admirably into the new Communist sense of values.

But what of the doctor? I have described sketchily how he plays his important role in the new order. Many excellent results of his work are manifest. But, as one brilliant physician, the head of one of Russia's best-known institutes, complained bitterly to me, "How can we do our best work, when we must go from our laboratory to small, poorly heated, dingy, depressing quarters? Even our laboratory animals are better housed than we. To be sure, our living conditions are better than in the early days of the revolution, yet still our rooms are over-crowded and we must share our kitchens with four or five other families. It is true that we pay very little rent for these rooms, and that we receive enough money from the state to support ourselves and our

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families, but a man needs more than bare support. He needs a place, even though small, that he can call his own. He needs to see his family decently clothed. He needs to be free from the eternal system. It is an invisible something one feels and finds oppressive even though one may have a reasonable amount of freedom in one's work. You American doctors do not realize how fortunate you are. It is interesting for you to come here and study our system. It is true that the whole of Russia is an interesting experiment, but it is not pleasant for us to be the experimental dogs and guinea-pigs."

So speak many of the professional and business people of Russia. They have been reduced to the same state, economically, as the peasant and laborer without opportunity to regain economic independence. The doctor's success is now measured by the contributions he makes rather than by the size of his practice. It is too early to judge whether this policy is bringing a more or a less desirable type of men and women into the medical field.

What is the significance to the American medical profession of the status of our profession in Russia? The vision of great medical leaders reduced to poverty and submission is naturally discomforting. The idea of the loss of private practice, and the socialization of medicine being to us more or less distasteful, our reaction is likely to be one of rebellious opposition. Yet blind opposition will avail us little. The medical profession makes up only a small minority of the population and it behooves its members to consider the trend of public opinion throughout Europe since the war.

Germany adopted a Social Democratic form of government with a national plan of social insurance and modified state medicine. Austria became a republic and Vienna adopted a socialistic form of government with a system that makes free medicine available to 1,600,000 of her 1,800,000 inhabitants. This, by the way, leaves only 200,000 as potential private patients for Vienna's 4,000 physicians. Czecho-Slovakia and Poland became republics with modified plans of social insurance. England has recently elected a Labor Government and the plan there is to develop the public health system along most liberal lines, the benefit being to the public at the expense of private practice. Medicine and health are becoming the business of the state.

The American system—the whole mental attitude underlying our professional and business life—has as an integral part the factors of personal initiative, competition, and reward. Many of us would deplore a change which would do away with these factors. On that very account, we must recognize the fact that socialized medicine under such a system as that of Soviet Russia is offering the public advantages of tremendous value. The best of these advantages can, I believe, be incorporated into our own system without displacing it, and it is to our own advantage to see that some such drastic measures are taken. If we fail to do so, socialized medicine may very likely be forced upon us.

A Property-Minded South

By WEIMAR JONES

THREE events which throw considerable light on the industrial and labor situation in the South today occurred on three successive August days. On Monday, August 18, 1,500 textile workers in the American Mills at Bessemer City, near Gastonia, N. C., went on strike. On Tuesday they literally kicked out of the mill village Communist agitators, and very politely but very firmly declined the offer of an official of the conservative American Federation of Labor to organize them into a union and assist them in the strike. On Wednesday the North Carolina Supreme Court handed down decisions upholding the lower courts in convictions of leaders of 1929 strikes—seven for the second-degree murder of Police Chief Aderholt at Gastonia and four for rioting at Marion, N. C.

The Bessemer City strike is evidence that last year's labor trouble was not a mere isolated outbreak, but really was the beginning of Southern labor's fight for a new deal. The fact that it came without organization or agitation on the part of outsiders raises the question whether the Southern mills have remedied the conditions which brought about the strikes of 1929. The decisions of the Supreme Court of North Carolina indicate that there has been little change in the attitude of Southern officialdom—it still believes firmly in the divine right of property.

In its every encounter with the mills last year Southern labor found itself opposed also by organized government. Southern governors, upon the merest pretexts, rushed troops to strike centers; ostensibly it was to protect property, but actually the inevitable result was to break down the morale of the ignorant, unorganized strikers. Every injunction granted was for the protection of property rights—employers' rights. There were illegal arrests and refusals to arrest. And, finally, in the numerous trials of criminal cases every person charged with committing crimes against strikers was acquitted, while every case in which strikers were defendants, if it reached the jury, resulted in a verdict of "guilty." This last phase of the record takes on added significance when the homicide cases are recalled. Only one of the eight deaths—that of Aderholt—was charged to strikers. In this case seven persons were convicted, while officers put on trial for the slaying of six workers at Marion were acquitted, as were members of an anti-unionist mob charged with the murder of a woman striker at Bessemer City. Now the North Carolina Supreme Court has made the record 100 per cent by deciding against labor in the only two cases appealed.

In the recent strike at Bessemer City the undisputed facts are that it was precipitated by the third wage cut since Christmas and that it was anti-Communist and non-union. The management placed the size of the last reduction at from 5 to 25 per cent; the workers said it ranged from 20 to 30 per cent. The management said wages ranged from $10 to $18 a week; the strikers' figures were from $4 to $10. If the lowering of wages and the wage-scale figures at these mills are representative—and a number of Southern mills have publicly announced wage cuts since the first of 1930—the reasonable conclusion is that conditions, certainly as to

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wages, have not materially improved in the Southern textile industry since last year.

The most interesting feature of the recent strike, however, is the workers' attitude toward agitators and unions. Encouraged and aided by officials and leading citizens, they resorted to physical violence to be rid of the Communist agitators, and to the American Federation of Labor official they said very pointedly: "This is a home-grown strike, and we will settle it ourselves, without outside interference." That same feeling was given expression in many of last year's walkouts; and today it is by no means confined to Bessemer City.

This attitude of the workers is as inexplicable to the average non-Southerner as was the South's gross injustice to its labor in 1929. Yet there are reasons for both—reasons which lie in the historical and psychological background of the region and its people. The history of the South, properly understood, explains both the South's determination to crush labor outbreaks and its bitter opposition to organized labor; the worker's background explains his reaction to suggestions that he become a cog in a union organization. We have today a still individualistic South, but a South become property-minded.

This background of the South and its workers throws light on the highly significant question whether it is possible for the American Federation of Labor to succeed in its campaign to unionize Southern labor.

The answer to that question is of national import, for as the South grows industrially it presents a problem of adjustment of ever-increasing complexity for the remainder of the country. In other sections labor either has organized or has been definitely affected by the program and demands of union labor, but the South remains unique in its labor situation. With its lower wage scale and its system of individual bargaining, it threatens both the industry and the labor of other regions.

The explanation of today's industrial South lies in the history of the South itself, and also in the history of a peculiar section, Southern Appalachia, a region almost as different from the remainder of the South as New England is from California; the other end of the chain of cause and effect is back as far as the year 1865, possibly farther. For, marked as were the social and political effects of the Civil War upon the South, they were as nothing compared with the economic results. The struggle left the region bankrupt. Its money was worthless; its property, except land, was gone; its man power was lowered to a dangerous point. With little beside hope and a grim determination, the South set out in 1865 to regain its place in the life of the nation; somehow to build a new economic and social fabric on defeat, poverty, and the ruins of an entire order of life that came tumbling down with the surrender of Lee.

For the first time the South was forced to face stern economic realities. In the bitter struggle of the post-war period it learned of dire necessity to count its pennies. For decades it had always to think in terms of poverty—and some way out of that poverty. The result in the South was a hitherto unthought-of emphasis on purely economic values—on property.

There was another effect of the Civil War and its aftermath—a human one. As in all wars it was the daring, the adventurous who died on the battlefield. And the South, with its terrific toll of dead, feels that loss even today. Then, following the war, there came the further drain of the movement westward; again it was the daring, the pioneer spirits the South lost. It was not that these losses left the South with a second-rate citizenship; the hot-blood, the pioneer, often is not the best citizen. But it is the daring, pioneer spirit that saves a people from the extreme of conservatism. The result of these causes was the ultra-conservative South of the early twentieth century.

At last the South, still strictly agricultural, struggled into the light of a new day. Money became a little less scarce; a revival in education paved the way for better social and economic conditions; hope gradually grew into confidence. Then came the first cotton mills from New England. The South welcomed them, politely if not cordially, for the memory of the war, and especially of Reconstruction, lingered. But the region had definitely turned its face toward economic progress, and these mill owners brought with them money and spread it out in the form of pay-rolls. As the beneficent effects of industry upon an impoverished land began to be felt, the South's welcome became more cordial; there grew up a feeling of genuine if not altogether disinterested friendliness toward these Northerners and the new kind of property. After all, the South could not lift itself entirely by its own bootstraps; the mills furnished the long-sought leverage. And the mill owners, pleased, remained; word went back to New England of the favorable conditions in the South; and the real migration of industry southward got under way. The industrial revolution in the South had begun.

While the people of the Southern lowlands were gradually building the new South, back in the isolated mountain villages and settlements life went on scarcely touched by the changing order. And land, property, to these proud, home-loving mountain people, gradually became more than just wealth; it became a symbol, a mark of a man's standing in the community. Next to character—honesty, bravery, and determination are outstanding characteristics of the mountaineer—a man valued his property. The big landowner was the leading citizen; next came the small farmer; and finally there was the tenant class and the shiftless day laborer.

Then, about half a century ago, there began the first of two migrations from the mountains. The first, of course, was to the West. Tired of the topographical disadvantages of the region, bitterly oppressed by the isolation and the hardships it brought, the hardier spirits, as elsewhere, sought new and more promising conditions. Hardly a county in the Far West today but numbers among its residents scores of natives of the Southern highland country. Thus the mountains were robbed of their progressive element. Two classes were left, the ultra-conservative property owners—and Southern conservatism reaches its acme in the mountain country—and the tenant class. It was thus that the mountains, future labor supply of the mills, reached the twentieth century.

With the arrival of the cotton mills in the South there was a new demand for labor, and Negro labor was not desired. The shrewd manufacturers looked about and finally cast their eyes toward the mountains. They made their offer, a house and so many dollars per week; and the mountain folk of the tenant class, accustomed to fewer dollars per year, eagerly accepted—forgetting, for the moment, that all

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wealth is not in terms of money; forgetting that the value of money varies with its abundance or scarcity; forgetting the wealth they possessed in gardens and cows and pigs and chickens; forgetting the wealth of independence and leisure which the mountaineer values almost next to life itself. A new exodus began. By the thousands they flocked to the mills.

This, then, is the background for the continued struggle that seems inevitable: a setting of ultra-conservatism; a land whose people, though individualists still, have become acutely property-minded; and a land which for two centuries has been predominantly agricultural and, almost overnight, finds itself industrialized. For workers, a race of proud, independent fighting people, descendants of as fine stock as is to be found in America; a group that found itself in the twentieth century with the ideals and character markings of the eighteenth; men and women whose environment and lack of opportunities, educational and economic, marked them out for misfits in an industrial age; a class that is uneducated, but by no means either ignorant or unintelligent; the underprivileged mountaineers robbed of initiative and daring by the westward migration.

That is the historical and human foundation upon which the American Federation of Labor proposes to erect a structure of labor organization. Can it succeed? To do so, it must win a double psychological victory. The contest now under way in the South is, on the one hand, a struggle between property rights and human rights, in the court of public opinion; on the other, it is a battle in the mind of the worker between his habitual, inherent desire to act as an individual, together with his deeply ingrained respect for property, and the driving need for concerted action as a means of securing relief from intolerable conditions.

There are other factors that enter into the situation: Statutes and court procedure, created for an agricultural rather than an industrial age, which are adverse to organized labor; the stubborn opposition of the mill owners, as a class, to any form of organization; conditions in the mills which tend to drive the workers into any sort of organization that promises to ameliorate their lot; and the fighting temper of the mountain people, once they are aroused.

There is one bright spot in the picture. A small but militant and growing liberal minority is quietly but firmly demanding that the problem be solved intelligently and justly. It is possible that this liberal element may hold the key to the situation. But today the South is in a ferment of conflicting ideas and ideals, with the worker sullenly biding his time. What the outcome will be no man can tell.

The British Cheka

By A. E. E. R.

AN American citizen, Mr. Griffin Barry, has recently been prosecuted in England for a technical breach of the passport regulations in circumstances which throw a strange light on the operations of the British secret police. It appears that any foreigner who associates with supporters of His Britannic Majesty's present Government is regarded with grave suspicion by the officials of Scotland Yard.

Mr. Barry's case, which would be of slight interest but for the circumstances surrounding it, may be stated as follows. Mr. Barry, who in 1915 was a member of the Belgian Relief Mission organized by Mr. Hoover, subsequently held a position in the American diplomatic service at Petrograd. After the revolution Mr. Barry acted as a newspaper correspondent in Russia where he represented the *Daily Herald,* the British Labor organ, now the mouthpiece of His Majesty's Government. Mr. Barry's passport, while deposited with the Soviet authorities, was reported mislaid and he failed to recover it. In consequence of this he lost his English visa and upon his return to the United States was refused a fresh passport. After two years, as a result of pressure exercised by his family (Mr. Barry's father being a well-known newspaper proprietor in California), he was again granted a passport and permitted to revisit England.

Last year Mr. Barry was taken violently ill with duodenal ulcer two days after landing in England. He was rushed to the hospital where he underwent a dangerous operation and remained convalescent for the next six months. Meanwhile the period of two months' grace allowed to every alien before he is required to register with the police had expired.

Recently while endeavoring to buy a ticket to Cherbourg at Plymouth Mr. Barry was challenged by embarkation officers and charged with failing to notify his changes of address. There is no doubt that the attention of the authorities was first drawn to Mr. Barry by reason of the fact that his traveling companion is employed by a firm engaged in Anglo-Soviet trade and was formerly, like a good many Labor M. P.'s (including at least one occupant of a minor ministerial post), a member of the Communist Party. Mr. Barry has no sort of connection with any British political party, but he is well known in London Bohemian and literary circles whose political sympathies largely tend toward the Left.

In recent years Mr. Barry has visited the U.S.S.R. as a tour conductor. The Soviet indorsements on his passport confirmed the suspicions of the police. After seven hours' detention, during which the United States consul at Plymouth and a local solicitor had virtually expressed their inability to assist him, Mr. Barry was at 1 o'clock in the morning informed that he could not be released on less than £1,000 bail. He was then locked up for the night. The following day he was remanded over the week-end. As the bail required was not immediately forthcoming he was taken to Exeter prison. Here he was neither notified of an offer of the necessary bail telegraphed by a friend in London nor was he properly advised of the privileges to which all remand prisoners are entitled.

Meanwhile friends whose addresses had been found in Mr. Barry's notebook were visited by plain-clothes officers at their homes or places of business and cross-examined about their political opinions and other extraneous matters. The

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friends were even questioned about one another. Thus one of these acquaintances, Charles H. Gray, secretary of the World Power Conference (an industrial research organization financed partly by the British as well as various foreign governments), was questioned about another acquaintance, B. N. Langdon-Davies, the distinguished London publisher, who is head of the firms of Williams and Norgate and of Noel Douglas, Ltd. "We know Langdon-Davies as secretary of the Civil Liberties League during the war," said the police officer to Mr. Gray, "so he must be 'political' somehow." Scotland Yard had evidently been consulting a dossier that must contain the names of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, both of whom were members of the council of the same league, while the Chancellor's wife, Mrs. Philip Snowden, was its treasurer. These last facts the entire British daily press, from Left to Right, has studiously suppressed. The *Daily Mail* contented itself with reporting the case under the heading "Unwanted Alien."

After four days' confinement, Mr. Barry was brought up in custody and fined five pounds for his technical breach of the Aliens Act (which, be it said, is considerably stricter in Great Britain than the equivalent laws in France, Germany, and most other European countries outside the Balkans). Challenged by Mr. Barry's lawyer, the prosecution failed to produce any evidence to sustain its allegations that Mr. Barry was associated with revolutionary activities.

The most remarkable aspect of the case lies in the revelation of the fact that the official British Cheka still regards its masters, the members of the Labor Cabinet, as political suspects. But remarkable as this survival of the war-time police view of Mr. MacDonald and his friends may be, it is by no means surprising considering the record of the police department concerned.

The "Special Branch" of Scotland Yard, also known by the mysterious ciphers M. I. (Military Intelligence) 5c, was originally founded during the war by Sir Basil (then Mr.) Thomson, assistant commissioner of police, as a subsection of the Criminal Investigation Department. But in the manner of every secret police, the special branch soon separated itself from the parent organization to become a state within the state. No sooner had the head of the special branch secured his independence of the C. I. D. than he refused to recognize the authority of the Chief Commissioner of Police and would report only to the Home Secretary direct. In 1920 Sir Basil Thomson was publicly rebuked in Parliament by the Home Secretary for having without authority afforded assistance to Czarist refugees engaged in the production of forged copies of the Moscow *Pravda*. The bogus *Pravdas* printed in London could serve no purpose so long as they bore the English printer's imprint; the copies were therefore taken to Scotland Yard where the "guillotine" in the police printing shop was obligingly brought into service to cut off the tell-tale imprint. In that condition each edition was sent on to the Russian border states and furnished gullible newspaper correspondents with their authority for dispatches beginning, "Even the official Bolshevik organ admits . . ." Repudiated by the Home Secretary, Sir Basil Thomson next placed himself above the Home Office and would recognize the authority of none but the Prime Minister in person. This was too much even for Mr. Lloyd George. Sir Basil was superseded.

The Labor Government of 1924 continued to maintain the Secret Service allocation of nearly a quarter of a million pounds which the faithful House of Commons is required to pass annually without discussion. No action was taken when officers of the special branch were proved on two occasions to be supplementing their pay by passing on information obtained in the course of their official duties to the *Morning Post*, the most bitter anti-Labor journal. On one famous occasion two detectives were caught concealed beneath a trap-door at a Communist meeting and were actually given into the custody of the uniformed police by the Communists as "suspected persons found loitering on inclosed premises for a supposed felonious purpose," and the Socialist Home Secretary of the day, Arthur Henderson (now Foreign Secretary), was obliged to offer very ignominious explanations in Parliament. In the detectives' notebooks were found verbatim accounts of previous private meetings of which identically worded reports had been printed, by an odd coincidence, in the *Morning Post*.

Even the incident of the sale by the Secret Service of the forged Zinoviev letter to the *Daily Mail* which brought down Ramsay MacDonald's first administration failed to teach Labor its lesson. And the present British Government continues to maintain in a position of influence and power (the more dangerous because it is underground) a secret service whose whole training and traditions have been gained combating the rise of Labor. The little incidents connected with the case of the American, Barry, demonstrate beyond doubt that though a Socialist government may hold office, the political police recognize no change of masters, but continue to serve reaction and plutocracy by every method of political corruption, provocation, and espionage that can be employed within the letter of the law, outside the spirit of the constitution.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has never built himself a house, never having been able to decide which place of all places he would like to settle in for a sufficient length of time. But if he ever does build one, he will give attention to a method described by Mr. Karl J. Ellington, of Port Angeles, Washington. *Pisé de terre* is the method, or building with just common soil, rammed in moveable forms. The Drifter does not know exactly how pisé houses are made, but he will ask Mr. Ellington. Meanwhile he hears that the method is being used successfully in the Scandinavian countries, that there are pisé houses in many parts of Europe, that there is a pisé church in St. Augustine, Florida, known to have been built in 1556, and that a pisé building in Washington, D. C., dating from 1773, was recently found to be so firmly constructed that it would have cost more to tear down than to remodel it. Soil houses, therefore, are evidently of an extreme durability; they can be made of any soil, although that having a little clay in its composition is best; they will bear a weight of twenty-five to thirty tons to the square foot, they are weather-proof, heat resisting, may be painted or stuccoed outside, and painted or papered within. If this is not an excellent kind of house, the Drifter never heard of one. All you need is a concrete or stone

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foundation; the garden dirt will furnish the rest of your building materials.

* * * * *

FOR some reason pisé houses remind the Drifter of the hedge walls in Cornwall, England—where, by the way, he may build his pisé house when he builds one. These walls hem in the dirt roads to a height sometimes of six feet. In appearance they are solid banks of earth, out of which every sort of green thing shoots—blackthorn, ivy, grass, field flowers, even twisted, small trees. They seem to have a stone foundation on which sods have been piled, and time and wind and rain have done the rest. Lovelier walls the Drifter never saw. They are impenetrable, lasting, cheap. They were evidently made by design, for there are miles of them in Cornwall. By accident a friend of the Drifter's achieved somewhat the same result. He tossed the sods dug up to make a flower bed on top of an old stone wall. He has now a smooth green mound, under which the stones are invisible. When he wants particularly fine dirt he plunges his shovel into the sod pile and digs out black humus, soft and fine.

* * * * *

COMMON dirt, then, is by no means to be despised. Little of it is ever seen in cities. Gardens there acquire very soon a cover of suffocating gray dust that sheds water and offers no nourishment or refreshment to the struggling roots underneath. City children never know the satisfaction of digging in the dirt; they never know the smell of earth, the richest, rankest smell in the world. The Drifter would like to transport them to the country, where they could build a pisé house and, having thus established themselves, could dig. If they dug wisely, food would grow for them. And if they could be satisfied with this somewhat Arcadian existence, life would probably present no problems whatever.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Justice for the *Transcript*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One would hardly expect or even desire *The Nation* to approve wholly of the *Evening Transcript*. That would be too much. No doubt bitterness and prejudice and narrowness do creep into its pages upon occasion—the pages of what newspaper are free from them?—but not, as you suggest, when in recent years it has seen fit to comment upon censorship or the Watch and Ward Society. When H. L. Mencken came to Boston and sold the *American Mercury* on the Common the *Transcript* was the first of the Boston newspapers to rally to his defense, and at that time it suggested editorially that the censorship laws were not good laws and asked that they be changed. Since then it has consistently fought for liberalism as regards censorship. Its championship of DeLacey in the recent Dunster House bookshop case, while it lost the *Transcript* many friends among those "with the point of view of Plymouth Colony about 1650," really is one of the bright spots in its career. Certainly there was no narrowness in its fight for "Strange Interlude," nor in the publication of its widely quoted article on the narrow history of censorship (How Little Rollo Came to Rule the Mind of Boston). Its editorial columns have for five years fought against censorship with amazing vigor for the little old lady in black bombazine. A recent report of the Watch and Ward Society condemns the *Transcript* for its venomous attack upon the society during the Dunster House case. There are some of us in Boston who despise that society and who are therefore proud of the *Transcript's* praiseworthy fight against its methods and the methods of all snoopers.

Boston, August 7 KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

Japanese Immigrants

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter addressed to you which you print in the September 3 issue of *The Nation,* I called attention to the fact that the immigration quota of 100 assigned to Japan in the Immigration Act of 1924 does not apply to Japanese but only to persons born in Japan of races eligible to citizenship in Japan. Since all persons ineligible to United States citizenship are excluded, both as quota and non-quota immigrants, and since the Japanese are one of these races ineligible to United States citizenship, the Japanese are altogether excluded "except for certain professional classes."

The question has been raised "what Japanese are included in the term 'certain professional classes.'" The law exempts only persons engaged in commerce and international trade and governmental representatives. These, therefore, are the only Japanese who are legally admissible to the United States for permanent residence. All others are excluded, including students who are now admitted on temporary permits. It is worthy of special emphasis that while the law makes generous provisions for the admittance of persons engaged in commerce and international trade and of governmental representatives—who, after all, also represent commerce and trade—the Immigration Act of 1924 not only makes it impossible for Japanese teachers and students to come to this country for permanent residence, not only makes it impossible for Japanese in this country to acquire mates in marriage outside of those already in the United States, but does all this on the basis of race discrimination.

Quite apart from the general race discrimination just indicated there is a problem of great import which the people as a whole have not as yet realized. There are, I am informed, some 150,000 Japanese and Chinese of marriageable age on the Pacific Coast alone, most of whom were born in the United States, who, I am told, cannot find mates in this country. State laws forbid the marriage of these young people to persons of the Caucasian or Indo-European race; nor can they, legally, acquire mates in their parent countries and bring them to the United States. The situation is one which demands statesmanlike consideration and needs to be lifted above the plane of passion or prejudice.

San Diego, September 5 CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO

"Fitting India for Self-Rule"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is often said that the people of India must become further fitted for self-government before they get it. But British rule is making them less fit for it. In India it has always been considered necessary to the security of British rule to keep the people cowed. To live under constant intimidation tends to develop a slave mentality. For many years the people of India have been strictly forbidden to possess any weapons, and they cannot protect themselves by legal means. The British judges generally do impartial justice in any case between Indian and

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Indian, or between European and European; but Gandhi says: "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, justice has been denied to Indians as against Europeans in the courts of India." When Lord Curzon started to impose adequate punishment on a European who had beaten an Indian to death, he was met with a flood of protests from other Europeans, who declared it would destroy British prestige. Gandhi says:

> Many Englishmen honestly believe that they are administering one of the best systems in the world, and that India is making steady though slow progress. They do not know that a subtle but effective system of terrorism, together with an organized display of force on the one hand and the deprivation of all powers of retaliation or self-defense on the other, has emasculated the people, and induced in them the habit of simulation. This has added to the ignorance and self-deception of the administrators. . . . I hold it to be a virtue to be disaffected toward a government which in its totality has done more harm to India than any previous system. India is less manly under the British rule than she ever was before.

When the British came to India, they found a remarkably sober people. Warren Hastings noted the fact. Of India's three great religions two forbid liquor altogether, and the third enjoins strict temperance. For the sake of revenue, the government encourages the sale of liquor. Its income from that source has more than tripled in the last thirty years, and has increased nearly sevenfold in the last half century. For the sake of revenue, the government has for years pushed the cultivation and sale of opium. It may be bought everywhere, at some 7,000 licensed shops. Herbert Anderson, secretary of the Calcutta Temperance Federation, says:

> The majority of the retail opium shops are so situated as to afford the most direct temptation to all classes of the community. . . . The government by its policy has fastened the shackles of a habit, condemned by Hindu and Moslem alike, upon the community at large, and the chain gets stronger and stronger each year.

In view of the long pressure to which they have been subjected, tending inevitably to sap courage and self-respect, it is amazing to see the heroism shown by thousands of Indians in the present struggle, and the discipline and self-control that they have manifested. They are proving their fitness for self-government under the sharpest tests.

Chilmark, Mass., September 5 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

A Moorfield Story Memorial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of your readers would probably be interested in the establishment of a Moorfield Story Memorial Fund to assist Philippine students in American universities.

The passion for education that characterizes the youth of the Philippine Islands has led a considerable number to come to this country. Many of these have unusual ability and high ideals. They will make any sacrifice—of pride, pleasure, and even food—to obtain the education they crave, for its own sake and to equip them for larger usefulness to their people. With the cost too great and the chance for self-help too limited, they often find their health broken and their hopes shattered.

The proposed fund would be of inestimable value, if wisely handled. Prominent Philippine leaders in Washington and in the Philippines have offered their grateful indorsement and hearty cooperation. Those who are interested may write to the undersigned at 208 First Street, S.E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, August 23 RICHARD W. HOGUE

Help Wanted in Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A group in Michigan has started to work for a State unemployment-insurance law. The Unemployment Insurance League has been formed with headquarters at 628 Penobscot Building, Detroit. Instead of talking, passing resolutions, and appointing committees we have decided to take advantage of a weapon which our progressive parents have put into our hands, namely, the initiative and referendum. Petitions are now being circulated for an amendment to the State constitution providing for unemployment insurance. If enough signatures are obtained this amendment will be placed on the ballot at the fall election.

Success, however, will come only if we have the active support of all labor and liberal groups and of every forward-looking person in the State. May we ask all Michigan readers of *The Nation* to help either by circulating the petitions, contributing advice and counsel, or by assisting financially? We want to succeed, not only in order to secure this much-needed social reform, but also in order to arouse the social consciousness and the political courage of the people of Michigan and so to assist in the renaissance of progressivism here.

Royal Oak, Mich., August 1 HALLEN M. BELL

Don't Write!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your correspondence column a few weeks ago you carried a letter from me as executor under the will of J. Eads How, known as the "millionaire hobo." I regret having sent you that letter, because my desk has been loaded with mail ever since. I have resigned as executor and still the mail keeps coming from all parts of the world. I know of no way to stop it.

Cincinnati, September 3 NICHOLAS KLEIN

Contributors to This Issue

LAWRENCE HOWE acted as Sergeant Detective for the City of Chicago for twenty-one years.

RALPH A. REYNOLDS is a member of the staff of the Medical School of Stanford University who was invited by the Soviet Ministry of Health to study Russia's new system of medicine and public health.

WEIMAR JONES is a North Carolina newspaperman who made an exhaustive study of last year's labor trials.

A. E. E. R. is a British Labor correspondent.

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

ORAL SUMNER COAD is professor of English at Rutgers College.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a writer on economic and other subjects for current periodicals.

WALTER GUTMAN is at work on a book on modern art.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

DAVID W. WAINHOUSE is assistant director of research of the Council on Foreign Relations.

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Books and Drama

Sunset

By EDA LOU WALTON

In desolate remoteness the lost land
Burns through the clouds, and her arrested hand
Flies to the breast and then in tortuous arc
Pulls down the curtain and shuts in the dark.

If in blue space the gold stars drop
Behind tired dunes, her eyes no longer stop
Following words across the blurring page;
Upon herself she sets fierce espionage:

This flesh shall seek no comfort of the skies,
Out of this breast no stars; now rather tries
The body to find shelter here, and fire;
The breast to fold itself away from its desire.

Only her hand in silent diatribe
Worn thinner than its ring, to circumscribe
Life with its room now narrowing to a grave,
Is never found quite strong enough nor brave.

Still flutters like a wounded dove confined
To ancient leaning towers, by a mind
That likewise would be deathward over field
Rich in its warm wine-loveliness of yield.

Misplaced Investment Trust

Investment Trusts Gone Wrong! By John T. Flynn. New Republic, Inc. $1.

VIRTUALLY within the last three or four years there has grown up in Wall Street an institution known as the investment trust. The ostensible purpose of this institution is an innocent, one might almost say a philanthropic one. It is to supply a medium of investment for the small, ignorant, or perplexed investor. It pools his funds with those of others, and it is supposed to put them into a wide and diversified list of securities, ranging, say, from twenty to several hundred, and to select each of these investments with scrupulous, disinterested, and expert care. That is the theory of it. In a few instances, indeed, that is the fact. But for an alarmingly large number of so-called investment trusts this theory has become merely a grim joke. The trust has proved in these cases merely a new and wondrously effective instrument for financial buccaneering.

Mr Flynn, in the present little volume, subjects the practices of these trusts to an excoriating analysis. His book seems to me the most important of its kind since William Z. Ripley's "Main Street and Wall Street." The financial hocus-pocus it describes is even more brazen. Mr. Flynn has a gift for the salty epithet, and he lays on with uncompromising vigor. But what gives the book its real force is not its prose style, not even the clarity of its exposition, but the bald facts it has to record.

The main purpose, for example, for which an investment trust is supposed to be organized is to substitute the expert investment of its managers for the otherwise unskilled investment of the trust's stockholders. The managers, in short, are supposed to know not only what stocks to buy but when to buy them and when to sell them; they are certainly supposed to know when stocks are preposterously high. And they have the additional advantage of being able to put their eggs in many baskets. They promise the investment trust stockholder a reasonable return on his money and a steady increase in the value of his principal. What happened last year? The investment trust managers, with their self-proclaimed foresight and cleverness, were, with very few exceptions, buying stocks at the top of the market. One Wall Street house, analyzing the reports of eighty-two investment trusts last year, found that there was an average drop in the value of their investments of 15 to 20 per cent. The shrinkage in value of the investments of the entire eighty-two companies was $351,000,000. After deducting from this income received, and profits from the sales of stock, the actual unrealized losses of the eighty-two companies were $213,000,000.

Mr. Flynn goes on to consider the value that the managers and organizers of investment trusts put on these expert services. In England the average annual cost of managing investment trusts has been 41/100 of 1 per cent of the principal; and several American trusts charge for management services only ½ of 1 per cent annually. But the average rate is far higher. One trust takes the foregoing rate and 10 per cent of the net income of the fund in addition; another took at organization one-fourth of all the common stock. The Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation, which at one time last year had prospective profits of $30,000,000, but which ended with a deficit of $90,000,000, thinks very highly of its management, for it pays 20 per cent of its net income for it. Mr. Flynn goes on to record the further abuses of this new instrument—the piling up of one trust upon another like a series of Chinese boxes, each corporation management taking its parasitic nibble from ultimate dividends; the use of the investment trust to engineer industrial mergers; the trick capital structures, with their "Class A" and "Class B" stock, which cover hidden fees to organizers and managers and deprive investors of voting rights; and finally the very common sin of trying to serve two masters. Most investment trust managers are also investment bankers. As investment trust managers they are intrusted with money to buy stocks, and as investment bankers they have stocks to sell. This system is accepted in Wall Street almost without a word of criticism; yet Mr. Flynn hints that this dual role is not so very different in principle from that of a commissioner of public works in a city who is also interested in a contracting firm doing work for the city. The impropriety of the arrangement, certainly, is not a merely theoretical one. In instance after instance, investment bankers have dumped their unsalable stocks into the investment trusts they were managing.

The remedy for many of these present abuses, Mr. Flynn believes, must come from within. The New York Stock Exchange has already insisted on publicity of portfolios for those trusts that apply for listing, and Mr. Flynn thinks that an aroused conscience on the part of such organizations as the American Bankers Association and the Investment Bankers Association might help a great deal. But legal remedies remain imperative. The investment trust is "a haven, a shelter for the perplexed and defenseless dollar," and Mr. Flynn suggests a conference of State authorities to consider some kind of uniform laws which will protect investment trust owners as insurance policy-holders and savings-bank depositors are now protected. The first point of attack, he thinks, should be the holding company. No corporation should be permitted to own the stock of an investment trust. Intricate capital structures for investment trusts should be prohibited. There should be a prohibition against the issuing of shares for any other consideration than cash. It should be made unlawful for any trust to purchase

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securities from any corporation in which any officer or director is interested as director or officer or any stock in which any director of the trust is interested as a broker or banker. Purchases of the shares of any one corporation should be restricted to not more than 1 per cent or even ½ of 1 per cent of the stock of that corporation. Purchases in any one corporation should be limited to not more than 5 per cent of the assets of the trust.

Most of these recommendations strike me as sound enough guides to investment trust *policy,* though one or two of them seem rather drastic as *legal* restrictions. Nevertheless, they point the direction that State regulation of the investment trusts —now practically non-existent—ought promptly to take. For the existing situation has acquired too wide a social bearing to concern investment trust investors alone. As Mr. Flynn remarks, we are witnessing the passing of the individual stockholder at the very moment when we are celebrating his emergence. Instead of belonging to 20,000,000 individual stockholders, the corporations which operate our factories, railroads, utilities, stores may soon belong to a few thousand giant investment companies. "While economists are discussing the separation of the functions of management and ownership, drifting forces are slowly taking the possession of industry out of the hands of both."

HENRY HAZLITT

Mr. Paul and Mr. Howells

The Governor of Massachusetts. By Elliot Paul. Horace Liveright. $2.

"THE Governor of Massachusetts" reinforces the conviction that Elliot Paul is one of the most interesting novelistic talents in America today. He is all the more interesting because, unlike practically all our leading writers, he has more than one string to his bow. He began his career with a series of books, youthfully calculated to shock the bourgeois ("Indelible," "Impromptu," "Imperturbe"). These were followed by his association with *transition,* a period which does not seem to have had much effect on his subsequent work. His novelettes, "Low Run Tide" and "Lava Rock," and his curious war novel, "The Amazon," evidenced a deepening and maturer insight, as well as a shrewd acquaintance with the possibilities of a vernacular prose. In "The Governor of Massachusetts" he has turned from the calm intensities of these books and adventured into the domain of pure social comedy.

Mr. Paul would probably be greatly surprised if he were told that his latest volume is pleasantly reminiscent of William Dean Howells at his best. Not only has it Howells's gracious familiarity of idiom, but it draws its humor from the same source whence sprang "The Rise of Silas Lapham": the spectacle of a simple, honest, and idealistic middle-aged man suddenly precipitated onto a level to which he can make no adjustment. With Mr. Paul's Elijah Griffin this level happens to be the complicated world of Massachusetts politics, alive with all the humors of ballyhoo, chicanery, and corruption. At no point in the novel does the reader become unpleasantly aware that this is political satire. "The Governor of Massachusetts" stands at the opposite pole to, let us say, Upton Sinclair's "Boston." The idiocy, the picayune tortuousness of State politics is seen through the lazy, ironical mind of the narrator, Frank; and, accordingly, the story loses the acerbity that indignation would have lent it. The sharp edge of liberal propaganda is replaced by a charming, almost old-world irony that is rare in our fiction today; and the reader is at all times more aware of the absurdity of poor Governor Griffin's dilemma than of the tragic lesson it should teach us.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Art of America

Art in America. By Suzanne La Follette. Harper and Brothers. $5.

THOSE who have been wont to look with loving admiration on early American architecture (and the reviewer humbly inscribes himself among them) will find something less than a kindred spirit in Miss La Follette. Her coolness arises from the consideration that the classical buildings of this country, being based on archaeology, were but "the borrowed garb of a great and alien past." One is forced to grant this in the main, at the same time registering the conviction that the author has not done full justice to the absolute achievement of those early architects who, like Bulfinch in the Old State House at Hartford and the Meeting House at Lancaster, Massachusetts, or Mangin and McComb in the New York City Hall, or Jefferson in the University of Virginia quadrangle, or the unknown builders of New England's slender spires, wrought a dignified grace and a reticent loveliness that are among the most captivating accomplishments of American art. When it develops, however, that Miss La Follette has more respect for the colonial Gothic houses of the seventeenth century (of which the so-called House of the Seven Gables is a familiar example) than for the classic doorways of Salem because the former were "dynamic; for they were built not in terms of a dead formula, but in terms of the life that was to be lived in them," one perceives that she has set up an indisputable criterion, namely, that art, to be significant, must be a living expression of the artist and of his environment. Recognizing that no artist can work in a vacuum, Miss La Follette makes one of the most valuable contributions of an uncommonly stimulating book in her "interpretation of our art by reference to the changing mentality of the country as its social and economic structure evolves," to quote from Walter Pach's introduction.

Applying her criterion further, the author selects for special attention the artists who have approached their work with fresh and honest vision rather than those who have repeated, however skilfully, the formalities of the school. This explains her preference for John Singleton Copley to all the other early American painters, for unlike most of his contemporaries he frankly painted what he saw instead of "succumbing to the empty facility of the English school." (Before accepting this choice, one should surely give a serious thought to Gilbert Stuart, our greatest painter of faces, whom Miss La Follette represents among her hundred and more handsome illustrations only by the portrait of Don Josef de Jaudenes y Nebot, the authenticity of which has been questioned.) It is again the quality of intense individuality and uncompromising fidelity to their inner light that accounts for her inclusion of Thomas Eakins and Albert Pinkham Ryder with Copley in "the trio of America's most important painters"—and it is his lack of artistic integrity that causes her to place Sargent on a lower level. In her defense of the modern experimental painters and sculptors Miss La Follette applies the same principle sanely and almost convincingly when she writes, "significance in art is to be sought not in the object—which no doubt presents about the same appearance to all eyes—but in the quality of the artist's inner vision, which transmutes the objects that his physical eye perceives into images conveying not necessarily the appearance of the visible world, but the meaning that it has for him."

Nowhere does the author employ her criterion more cogently and illuminatingly than in her treatment of the skyscraper as art. With her aid it becomes apparent that the real contributions to modern architecture are found not in the Woolworth Tower, where a Gothic screen is stretched to a dizzy height to cover a steel skeleton, but rather in such structures as

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he New York Telephone Building, the New York Medical Center, and that conception which exists only on paper in the uperb design submitted by Eliel Saarinen in the Chicago *Tribune* competition, in all of which archaeology is discarded and n original and even noble solution of the tall building problem esults from a frank acknowledgment of function and material.

With admirable clarity Miss La Follette has so organized forbidding mass of data as to indicate each artist's place in he evolution of art in this country without allowing the individuals to obscure our view of that evolution as a whole. Lucid lan combines with clear and vigorous style, honest judgments ree alike from panegyric and patronage, and first-hand knowldge of the whole field to make a book that should be read by veryone who is seriously interested in the cultural history of America.

ORAL SUMNER COAD

Morgan the Great

Morgan the Magnificent. By John K. Winkler. The Vanguard Press. $3.50.

MR. WINKLER'S first two biographical efforts were at best amusing stuff on a railroad journey, as such tintype sketches are apt to be when our mind is lazy and imple and thirsty for tattle. His snapshot of Hearst has now ntirely faded from my memory. And his Walter Winchell 'portrait in oil" of John D., Sr., was even pettier gossip, thinly treaked over jaggedly torn chunks from Miss Tarbell's definitive tudy of the Standard Oil before its present era of sweetness nd light. But in "Morgan the Magnificent" (the title is a bit anal in its pseudo-felicitous alliteration) Mr. Winkler has ndoubtedly risen from Smart Aleck "debunking" to authentic iography. Not that "Pierpontifex Maximus" does not deserve greater analysis. But at least it is a good likeness of the sitter nd not an unconscious cartoon of the artist. And were it not or the fact that Morgan was big enough to be a whole epoch, t would be an exceedingly good job. Mr. Winkler lacks the isciplined comprehensiveness of the social historian to place his nan in his period. But though he really misses Morgan's total ignificance, he does convey his sense of power. The man lives, hough with less fulness than he actually did live. But he lives with sufficient pace and audacity for you to regret that you never met him.

First of all, Mr. Winkler is to be congratulated upon the kill with which he heightens the effects of sidelights from mere eep-shows to genuine reflections on Morgan's personality. Morgan had mistresses. Mr. Winkler does not insinuate but ays so. But he indulges neither in oafish snickers nor in the Bohemian hypocrisy that a man's mistresses raise him to the igh pedestal of the "merely human." Mr. Winkler handles he thing significantly and hence decently. And Morgan emerges s an extremely attractive character in this phase of his private ife. He was never intrigued by the Peggy Joyces of his day. He loved women of beauty, intelligence, and human dignity. He kept his affairs behind closed doors, not with the sneaking ear of a coward but with the admirable privacy of a man of haracter. No one dared to question his personal morals because he himself respected them. And he kept the lifelong friendhip of the women with whom his relations had been more ntimate.

Morgan's views of his God were far less intelligent and would have made far more interesting whispers into Dr. Freud's ar. And so his parsons and bishops do not reach to the knees f his women friends. Indeed, the only court fool he ever had was the Reverend Dr. Rainsford of St. George's, who "frankly" old Morgan that he was "a radical"; and, for all his perspiacity, Morgan never yawned in reply: "Oh, yeah?" Morgan's God was a High Church Episcopalian, a thorough gentleman, somewhat English, rather awed by the Pope, and correctly transcendental and mystical. But there was no hypocrisy about it for the simple reason that there was no publicity about it. He worshiped as he loved, in private communion.

Morgan hated democracy; and so he never courted it. He also hated Jews; and so he never boasted that "some of his best friends were Jews." He also hated labor, but he seldom confused this hatred with patriotism. He loved objects of art, honestly. But he frankly loved their collection more dearly, thus avoiding dilettantism. When he lied, which he did shrewdly and hence sparingly, he lied honestly, for gain. When he charged usurious rates, he did so without alibis. He fought without homiletics. And, above all, he never lied to himself. Being always himself, he was intellectually honest. Being psychologically honest he fundamentally believed in his system. And believing in his system he was capable of periodic selflessness in its endemic defense. He was bigoted, powerful, a good friend, a worse enemy, and that rare thing among practicing capitalists, an intellectual. He would have made an ideal rebel. In fact, he was a good rebel.

All these sidelights Mr. Winkler brings out with much skill, but they illumine no social background, and without his society Morgan lacks perspective. He was the grand financier of our second industrial revolution, which was born with the Civil War. He was the empire builder of a nation from the time it emerged as a provincial but industrial union to the time it entered the world stage as a great Power. This revolution—the conquest of the continental resources and their transportation, the basic foundation of mass production, the trustification of money in water tanks—called for revolutionary characters: contemptuous of all laws but those of inner necessity, imaginative, narrowly gifted, and limitlessly audacious. Vanderbilt, the older Rockefeller, Harriman, Hill, Carnegie were the syndicalists, the trust builders of this revolution, and also its terrorists. To our historic astigmatism they seem more like highway robbers than reds. They were both, for both in one were then historically essential. Compared to them their present-day successors, as are the successors of all successful revolutions, are dull epigones and glorified clerks, as Mr. Gerard's recent list of the "rulers" of America amply attests. And it was in the days of this second industrial revolution that our American labor movement really flourished in sound opposition—the populist and greenback movements, the sundry militant socialisms, the Knights of Labor, the vigorous beginnings of the primitive trade unions. Morgan was a perfect foil for the earlier Gompers. Since the day of the epigones our labor movement has become nice, respectable, reformist, and stupid, pretty much like the boss.

In that era of industrial storm and stress Morgan alone introduced the ideological note. He was the only philosophical capitalist. He invented such rationalized instruments as the voting trust, he built the interlocking directorate. He dimly sensed that the future revolution was vested in labor; hence his hatred of it. He believed in the elimination of cutthroat competition. He watered stock but he did not deluge it. He fought the anarchists of his revolution, the Goulds, and the Fisks, and the Drews, and the Gateses. He believed in exploiting the public, but in an orderly exploitation. He did not sabotage his properties. He believed in a code among his highwaymen, and he had the highways patrolled.

Mr. Winkler feels all this, but fails to weld it together. He merely strings together Morgan's titanic battles. He describes, and merely describes, Morgan's various financial organizations, his most outstanding personal frays, the formation of the United States Steel Trust, the role of Morgan in the panics of 1895 and 1907, the Northern Securities suit. And because for himself Mr. Winkler has not really recreated the period,

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some of the outstanding personalities are awry in his mind. He is rather taken in by Morgan's rector. He believes Gary's balmy hokum that he was for labor and that his was a "good" trust. And though Mr. Winkler appreciates that Morgan closed an epoch, he indicts the epoch as utterly evil compared to our own "enlightened public sentiment," which tolerates only splendid monopolies.

At the end Morgan dies worth a paltry $68,000,000 instead of the billion he might have had. He paid the price because he was more of a philosophical despot than a plunderer. Highbrows, it seems, never make money.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A Russian Aristocrat

Twice Born in Russia. By Natalia Petrova. Translated by Baroness Mary Budberg. William Morrow and Company. $2.

NATALIA PETROVA is the pen name of a Russian princess now happily married to one of the most distinguished of journalists. Her story of her life in Russia before and in the Russian revolution is one of the most moving and harrowing narratives yet published of the fate that befell the nobility after the Czar and the grand dukes had wrecked and ruined their country. More than that, it is distinguished by a generosity and an absence of bitterness and hate which stamp the writer as a woman of true spiritual greatness. Her heroism is beyond question. That one so delicately nurtured could have survived the hardships inflicted upon her and her little son and the absolute starvation which she for months faced in a deadly winter is nothing less than miraculous. One can only marvel that she did not accept the invitation of one of her friends in misery to commit suicide with her. As she explains, she could not bring herself to let her child die; for him she begged crusts of bread on the street, clad in rags, more than half frozen. All of this tale is told with convincing simplicity, without affectation or the slightest appeal for sympathy.

As a human document Natalia Petrova's narrative is beyond question valuable. It does not, however, cast additional light upon the mystery of the Russian character, that extraordinary mixture of kindness and horrible cruelty, of insincerity and apparent openness, of craftiness and courage, of medieval superstition and ideality—the most amazing and baffling complex to be found in any country. Madame Petrova herself feels this. She was "unable to understand" the mass of peasants among whom she and her first husband lived, and whose dreadful lot she honestly strove to alleviate; they would have killed her had she ventured back after the revolution. Of them she writes that "they were quite harmless taken separately but became inflammable material in the mass. They had no firm principles of good or evil. They were dominated entirely by a motive handed down from one generation to the other; the thirst for land." Again she writes of the "hypocritical devotion" of the peasants and her own loss of sympathy, compassion, and respect for them. If so sensitive and just a person could not understand her compatriots how can any foreigner hope to do so?

When one recalls how many Petrovas there were, with what amazing bravery, resignation, and largeness of spirit they accepted complete disaster and went to work with their hands, devoid of rancor or any spirit of revenge, one cannot but feel that there is greatness as well as incredible power and ability in the nation that could produce such as these.

The book is not very well done into English; any new edition ought to receive careful revision.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Matisse

Henry Matisse. With an Essay by Roger Fry. New York E. Weyhe. $5.

IN 1929 a book on Matisse was published by Editions des Chroniques des Jours, the plates of which were so exceptional that it was quickly sold out. This year the same plates have been used again with an English essay by Roger Fry. In both cases it is the beauty of the book itself that makes it important. In every detail it evokes the artist. The cover is a rich, rather deep green with an oddness of tone that makes it like a green of Matisse. The color plates do not try to reproduce the tactile qualities of paint but emphasize those of ink and are brilliantly colored. With the text are printed some fine pen-and-ink drawings, some full page, others, usually, borders to the pages. Because of the exquisite decorative quality of Matisse's line they seem as if they had been designed to decorate the book. In back is a large collection of full-page plates, most of them half tones of paintings. The whole thing concentrates the artist's different aspects with great skill.

Mr. Fry's essay, on the other hand, never suggests the richness of its subject. It is one more clever outline of the modern movement, showing Matisse's place in it. But one feels from the reproductions that Matisse is so mature an artist that he can no longer be treated as if his greatest importance were that of a leader of a movement. There are qualities in his painting which have little to do with the philosophy that has been built around him. He is one of the most interesting painters of women. He has three manners: one in which he misshapes their bodies and faces until they become a satire; a second in which he deforms them, as it were, by a sort of pity, makes them serious and sincere people with whom he seems to have a feeling of fellowship; and a third of voluptuousness, in which he portrays undulant bodies and serene and gentle natures. His color, which has been much written about, is also something that can be appreciated without a special philosophy. He has created more rare tones in each division than any other artist, and he has combined them with an unusually fertile but none the less rational imagination. Mr. Fry's philosophy is correct enough; but one can now, I think, contemplate Matisse with a more direct ecstasy.

WALTER GUTMAN

German Might

The Future of the German Empire. Criticisms and Postulates. By General von Seeckt. Authorized Translation by Oakley Williams. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THIS book, written in the first instance for a German audience, is here equipped with a special foreword intended to "promote some understanding in England of the conditions under which Germany is living and struggling today." Its substance is a searching criticism of the Reich and a program which the Reich must follow if it is to be independent and strong. There is not much, apparently, that General von Seeckt would not like to see changed. Germany should become, as far as possible, self-supporting in food and manufactured goods, and to that end may properly adopt a protective tariff policy, but only until protection is no longer needed. Some state socialism will have to be tolerated, but the protection of religion should not bind the state to the support of the church, the control of education beyond the elementary stages should be progressively renounced, and books and plays should be free from censorship. The humanitarian activities of the

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state should be limited to such as promote public health, which is also the only reason for public encouragement of sports; and a new system of law is needed.

On the political side, General von Seeckt would accompany the maintenance of imperial unity toward the outside world with the further development of Prussia "in accordance with its historical and natural mission," together with the gradual absorption of unimportant small states by larger ones and the elimination from public service of "the curse of red tape." The manifold evils of the parliamentary system are to be got rid of by enhancing the independence of the executive, creating an upper chamber "permanently representing the interests of the community," and delegating detailed or special work to experts emancipated from political influence. A sharp line is drawn between the police and the army, and the need for national defense is emphatically argued. As for foreign policy, its goal should be "the restoration of Germany as a Might State." The Reich, in other words, must continue, and the peace settlement must be accepted until readjustments can be made, but the nearer the Reich can approach the effectiveness and power of the old empire, the better. As an exposition of ideas which appear to be still widely held in Germany the book is of real importance.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

Stepdaughters of War. By Helen Zenna Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A straightforward, unsqueamish account of just how the war seemed to a twenty-one-year-old young lady ambulance driver fresh from the shelter of a typical British middle-class home. Owing to the short-sightedness of a female commandant called, for obvious reasons, Mrs. Bitch by her coworkers, the group among which Miss Smith found herself were more than ordinarily overworked, punished like children for nothing, and filled with murderous resentment against their superior. But the war itself was bad enough—wounded, dying, screaming men, filth, blood, mud, lice, bad food, obscenity, four or five hours' sleep a night. Miss Smith spares us none of it, nor does she forget the stupidity back home, prating of its "noble daughters, gloriously busy for their country." The shock of a sudden plunge into the midst of war for young women brought up gently must have been very great. But if they had been less gently reared it would still have been shocking and terrible. This book was obviously written as a deterrent to future eager young women, and one can only hope that it will have its effect. It is a tract, and a good one.

Ride the Nightmare. By Ward Greene. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

The author of "Cora Potts" has here attempted the study of an egotist against the progressive backgrounds of the rural South, a large Southern city, and Greenwich Village. To the critical reader Mr. Greene's second novel is a sad performance because of its jagged unevenness, its waste of possibilities. At times it rises to genuinely powerful expression—notably in the scenes between Jake Perry, the protagonist, and his wife, Beth, who is, possibly because of her very quietness, the most vivid character in the story—but more often the writing is bald and flat, and most of the characters, instantly recognizable as types, fail to come to life at all. Still worse is the recurrent striving for some sensational effect, when the author cuts loose from all his moorings. No battle is won without reserves. In the book as a whole, however, it is the character of Jake Perry which is disappointing. That character is the book. And although, here and there, in flashes, he stands out clearly as the wilful, self-

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indulgent, undisciplined, and uncoordinated small-town American egotist with a certain talent and a certain flair which raise him to success in Corinth and later in New York, he seems hardly all of a piece. This is because, one imagines, paradoxically enough, Mr. Greene is trying to draw, though not, of course, as to the bare facts, an individual to the life. He would have done better in this instance to forget his model and ride the nightmare of his imagination a little harder. The book remains, however, a swiftly moving yarn, full of sensational episodes, written in that newspaper argot which accompanies the aroma of coffee at our breakfast tables.

Fifteen Rabbits. By Felix Salten. Simon and Schuster. $1.

Felix Salten's third book to be done into English does for the little rabbits of field and wood what "Bambi" did for the graceful, fleeting deer. Perhaps it is not quite so captivating a book as "Bambi," but it contains the same quiet, delicate charm. Salten's method of approaching wild animals is not to be compared with the method of a literary field naturalist like W. H. Hudson. Nor has it anything in common with the manner of the sentimental zoophiles who write of wild animals. It is unique. Out of his humor, out of the absurd thoughts, opinions, emotions with which he fancifully endows his wild creatures emerges a charming story on the human plane, but at the same time one catches that insight into the purely instinctive ways of the beasts of the field which gives to this book and to "Bambi" their peculiar significance. Anyone who has known well domestic rabbits, or, better, who has observed wild ones in their moonlight friskings and rollickings, catches at once the whole spirit of this ridiculous and delightful and pathetic little volume. Salten remains unperturbed by his transitions between what is wild and what is human. This borderline between beast and man seems to be one which fascinates him. It is the theme of his extraordinary romance, "A Hound of Florence." But one should bear this in mind: he remains the naturalist even while playing the romancer. And in the singular field he has chosen for himself, whatever he writes has a high literary quality.

Shrimps for Tea. By Josephine Blumenfeld. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

A devotion to exact realism is no longer particularly rare among writers of fiction. And there was a time when wholehearted surrender to "sentiment" was not rare at all. But for the two to be almost equally present in the work of a single author is remarkable. In these short stories of contemporary England Josephine Blumenfeld presents the detail of life with relentless and unemotional clarity, and its events and issues with overwhelming "feeling." She harnesses these strange team mates without fumbling or confusion. Her book is a notable achievement.

British Documents of the Origin of the War, 1898-1914. Volume VI: *Anglo-German Tension; Armaments and Negotiation, 1907-1912.* Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. New York: British Library of Information. $5.25.

Study of this immense volume of documents from the days when Anglo-British tension was growingly acute and various statesmen were seeking compromise formulas which would make a measure of naval disarmament possible, is peculiarly appropriate and discouraging today. There was such transparent good faith on both sides, and such complete distrust of the other side. Tirpitz appears here, paradoxically, as originally an opponent of Germany's naval expansion program. The Kaiser blunders in and out. King Edward reads the dispatches and jots down his not at all helpful thoughts. "If Germany ceases her extensive shipbuilding—we shall do the same and not other-

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vise," he commented in midsummer, 1908. And whenever a relatively friendly dispatch arrived from one of the British diplomats on the Continent, the permanent staff of the Foreign Office began spewing poison over it. "E. A. C.," later Sir Edward Crowe, who was senior clerk of the Foreign Office from 1906 to 1912, assistant under-secretary of state for foreign affairs from 1912 to 1920, and permanent under-secretary for the next five years, was particularly vicious in his minutes. No wonder Ramsay MacDonald had troubles when he tried to pursue a pacific foreign policy without booting the old war-minded staff out of his way. Sir Edward Grey is consistently more moderate, but always unready for a decisive act of any kind. The early Bagdad Railway negotiations also fall within the field of this volume. It is often forgotten that at one stage Germany almost begged British capital to join in the venture which later was regarded as an anti-British plot.

The Tides of Malvern. By Francis Griswold. William Morrow and Company. $2.

Only a writer extraordinarily skilful at creating and sustaining narrative interest could make a successful novel from two and a half centuries of family history. Francis Griswold has no unusual mastery of that kind of skill and he has been unwise enough to undertake, in his first novel, to trace the history of a fictitious Charleston family from the time of Old Noll down to 1930. He seems to have neither the sense of family nor the sense of place that his task required.

Only Saps Work. By Courtenay Terrett. The Vanguard Press. $2.

New Yorkers who have feared that Chicago far excels their native city in racketeering will find in Mr. Terrett's book substantial reassurance. New York still has its building rackets —as thriving as in the days before the Lockwood investigation— its liquor gangsters, its harbor pirates, and its stock swindlers. Mr. Terrett has told their story breezily and well. If the city had not been buried to its neck in political scandal this summer Mr. Terrett's story would have created a great sensation. While the description is chiefly concerned with New York, the author has branched out to include some examples in the hinterland. He does not, however, throw fresh light upon the prodigious legal rackets of special privilege which are far more important to the majority of us than the rackets based upon violence.

Drama

"The Little Show"

MANY theatergoers are still in the grip of the familiar fallacy that if a performer comes out and behaves in an easy and a natural way, if he plays himself, the task is easy. "He isn't acting at all," runs the complaint.

And there is a twin misconception. The place and popularity of the intimate musical show is assured. People are delighted if it sounds like an impromptu affair. They love to think that the comedian is making up his lines as he goes along. Few of us like to face the tragic fact that no impromptu atmosphere can be secured without the most arduous preparation.

It is all very well to talk about the scalding wounds of a friend from the point of view of the woundee, but it isn't so pleasant to be the wounder, either. Last year no week went by without at least one visit by me to "The Little Show," and oftener it was three or four. When I was pressed for time I would watch some selected minute of Libby Holman, or Clifton Webb, or Fred Allen, and rush right out again, but if I had ever been put to it I could have prompted any one of them from the wings. I knew to a blue shade the lighting, the costumes—not to be too tedious about it, I really loved "The Little Show," and I knew it backwards.

Even if I had been as beguiled by the second one as I had been by the first, I still don't think I could get up on any of the songs, or any of the funny lines except in Marc Connelly's "The Guest," even if I attended with my old fidelity.

Somehow this year, with the single exception of the delightful "Sing Something Simple," there is nothing you can carry off with you, or that you are likely to be met with when you get outside. I knew last year that if I went into a night club, or tuned in on the radio, I would at once hear "Can't We Be Friends" or "Moanin' Low" and, believe it or not, I knew that I could croak them both out myself with a recognizable lilt. Since I am indisputably the world's worst singer, as to pitch, tempo, and tone production, my ability to ape "The Little Show" outside its portals meant that all the rest of the world could do it really pretty well.

In other words, there was a performance that was being given nightly by its millions. "Audience reaction" I believe they call it, and it was practically national.

Perhaps the present "Little Show" could have been a great deal better than I think it actually is, and still have fallen victim to the same diminishment that the second of anything invariably encounters. I don't know. All I can say is that, sad as the whole business is, this "Little Show" is not for the devotees of yesteryear, unless they have either a boundless tolerance, or just no discrimination at all.

Curiously enough, a great deal in the second "Little Show" must have promised very well on paper. Although Trahan was making in effect his first step out of vaudeville, he had made a fine mark there, and goodness knows many another revue favorite has carried himself and his followers intact over from the two-a-day. He was a little funny, but a lot more homesick.

Jay Flippen was, we are told, a late comer in the cast. Very often when actors do what they call "getting really into the part" they completely wreck what had been a superb performance before they were all the way in. But there have been instances, and maybe Mr. Flippen is one, when increased familiarity with their material has made an improvement. Ruth Tester is a pretty fine youngster, and she does her stuff as well as we can imagine anybody doing it, and it just plain isn't her fault that she isn't Libby Holman. At that, she's the hit of the show.

Well, perhaps all of this is just a gaffer's inevitable lament. If they really want a name for that new thirteenth month, nothing else will so indicate the passing of time as "Things ain't what they used to be."

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The Anglo-Egyptian Failure

By DAVID W. WAINHOUSE

EGYPT, not unlike India, is passing through a phase of emotional disturbance the future course of which must depend upon the wisdom of the British and Egyptian governments in solving what is known in British politics as the Anglo-Egyptian problem. That the present British Government was well on the way to a definitive settlement of this question can be seen from a study of the official record of the recent Anglo-Egyptian Conference. The negotiations covered the four points the British government reserved to itself under the terms of the unilateral declaration of February 28, 1922, which terminated the British protectorate over Egypt and granted independence. These were: (1) the security of communications of the British Empire in Egypt; (2) the defense of Egypt against foreign aggression; (3) the protection of foreign interests and minorities in Egypt; and (4) the maintenance of the status of the Sudan as of the Convention of 1899.

The security of communications of the British Empire in Egypt is generally understood to mean the defense of the Suez Canal, over which England feels she must maintain effective military control as one of the vital links in the chain of communications that stretches from Gibraltar to Singapore. The control of the canal is a cardinal principle of British foreign policy; no government, whether Socialist, Conservative, or Liberal, would last long if that principle were departed from. This was well understood by the Egyptian negotiators, and after a lengthy discussion they agreed to the concentration of British forces to the west of the canal in the neighborhood of Ismailia, receiving in return the concession that the period during which the treaty would be excluded from revision should be reduced from twenty-five to twenty years. It was further agreed that the British land forces were not to exceed 8,000 men while the air force was not to exceed 3,000—a combined force of 11,000, which the War Office in London believes will be sufficient to maintain effective control of the canal.

The defense of Egypt against foreign aggression—the second point reserved by Great Britain in the Declaration of February 28, 1922—was a principle of British policy evolved soon after the "occupation" of Egypt by British troops toward the end of the nineteenth century. The European situation as it existed then, and the rivalries engendered by the scramble for possessions in Africa subsequently strengthened British determination to maintain that "occupation." In the light of that traditional policy it is significant to note that Article 1 of the proposed Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of April 17, 1930, reads as follows: "The military occupation of Egypt by the forces of His Britannic Majesty is terminated." The British personnel is to be withdrawn from the Egyptian army and the functions of the Inspector General and his staff shall terminate. In other words, the Egyptians are to "Egyptianize" their army. The only derogation is that if the Egyptian government employs foreign military instructors, such instructors are to be chosen from among British subjects. Along with this important renunciation of policy is the Anglo-Egyptian alliance which the proposed treaty establishes. The alliance contemplates active co operation between the British and Egyptian forces in case of necessity and provides that the "armament and equipment of the Egyptian forces shall not differ in type from those of the British forces." In fact, the British government undertakes to use its good offices (a cryptic phrase in this connection) to facilitate the supply of such armament and equipment as the Egyptian government may desire.

The protection of foreign interests and minorities by Great Britain has frequently led to armed intervention which has roused the ire of the Egyptian populace. On several occasions during the past two years British battleships put on steam for Alexandria, once in May, 1928, during a Conservative government, to compel the Egyptians to withdraw the Public Assemblies Bill, which the British felt would be prejudicial to their obligations in protecting foreign interests in Egypt; and again in July, 1930, during a Socialist government, when the violent resentment of the Nationalist Wafd Party at the closing of Parliament by the King of Egypt threatened civil war. Article 3 of the proposed treaty recognizes that the responsibility for the lives and property of foreigners in Egypt "devolved exclusively upon the Egyptian government, who will insure the fulfilment of their obligations in this respect." Great Britain thus gives up the right to intervene. Coupled with this declaration of policy is Article 4, which provides that the capitulatory regime now existing in Egypt is no longer in accordance with the spirit of the times and with the present state of Egypt. Accordingly, the British government undertakes to use all its influence with the Powers possessing capitulatory rights in Egypt to obtain, under conditions which will safeguard the legitimate interests of foreigners, the transfer to the Mixed Tribunals of the jurisdiction of the existing Consular Courts, and the application of Egyptian legislation to foreigners.

Thus, agreement on three of the four points had been reached by Mr. Henderson, British Foreign Secretary, and Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, after several weeks of haggling and counter-haggling. The fourth point —the status of the Sudan—was the rock on which the Anglo-Egyptian settlement foundered. In this connection the British proposed the following draft for Article 11:

> While reserving liberty to conclude new conventions in future modifying the Conventions of 1899, the High Contracting Parties agree that the status of the Sudan shall be that resulting from the said conventions. Accordingly, the Governor General shall continue to exercise on the joint behalf of the High Contracting Parties the powers conferred upon him by the said conventions.

The Egyptian Delegation, on May 5, 1930, submitted counter-alternative drafts which provided either that the question of the Sudan should be reserved for future negotiations within one year from the ratification of the treaty, or that the question of the Sudan should be reserved for future ne-

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otiations, and that meanwhile the de facto position obtaining in the Sudan before 1924 should be restored. (Following the murder of Sir Lee Stack in November, 1924, the British expelled the Egyptian officials and troops from the Sudan.) Mr. Henderson informed Nahas Pasha that the Egyptian alternatives were not acceptable, and that unless Nahas Pasha agreed to the British draft of Article 11, the discussion must be broken off and the treaty abandoned. After three more days of Nahas Pasha's gnawing at Mr. Henderson, the conference came to an end. Egypt's insistence that the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement of 1899 should be reviewed in every aspect within a year after ratification of the proposed treaty was interpreted by the British as aiming at the restoration of the absolute sovereignty of the Sudan.

What was the underlying motive of each in refusing to yield on the question of the Sudan? The British claim to this territory rests on conquest. It wants to keep what it has possessed for nearly fifty years. When the Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs signed the Convention of 1899 it was taken for granted that the Sudan had nothing to do with Egypt. Since then British capital has flowed into the Sudan, resulting in the customary exploitation of the natives, and the British with their imperial habits of mind have come to regard this territory as their empire.

The attitude of the Egyptian negotiators toward the question of the Sudan, on the other hand, was governed to a considerable extent by the political situation at home and to an even more considerable extent by an unscrupulous and Nationalist press. Nahas Pasha, as leader of the Wafd Party, was placed under the necessity of obtaining better terms than had been offered to Mahmud Pasha, his political enemy and predecessor, if he was to justify the claims of his supporters. Had he returned to Egypt bearing terms which he could not show to be better than those secured by his predecessor, his own supporters would have turned him out of office. The Cairo press embarrassed Nahas Pasha and his associates when during the negotiations it led the Egyptian public to believe that the British government was ready to concede anything Nahas Pasha asked for, thus encouraging the extremists in the belief that they had only to insist strongly to get all they wanted. These circumstances prompted Nahas Pasha to leave London empty-handed when he found that he could not force Mr. Henderson to concede on all four points.

What of the future? A comparison of the Henderson-Nahas Pasha negotiations with those Mr. MacDonald carried on with Zaghlul Pasha in 1924, when the Nationalist leader demanded the complete evacuation of Egypt and the Sudan, and with the Sarwat-Chamberlain proposals manifests a progressive sequence in the direction of realism. The comparison suggests that with time and experience the Egyptian Nationalist leaders and the Egyptian people may yet succeed in harmonizing their ambitions with political realities. The generous terms of the Labor government were dictated by a sincere desire to settle the Egyptian problem. A Labor government says they are the "extreme limit" of concession. If the Egyptian Prime Minister and his associates expected Mr. Henderson to be more tractable than his predecessors, they overplayed their hand.

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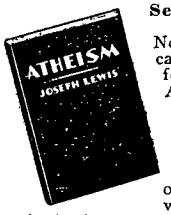

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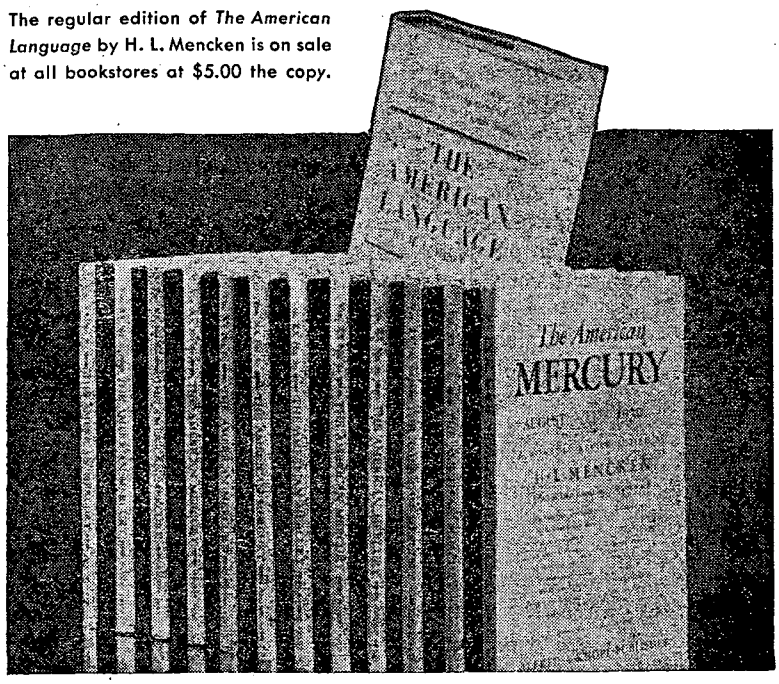

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